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WRESTLING

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PEDRO MORALES

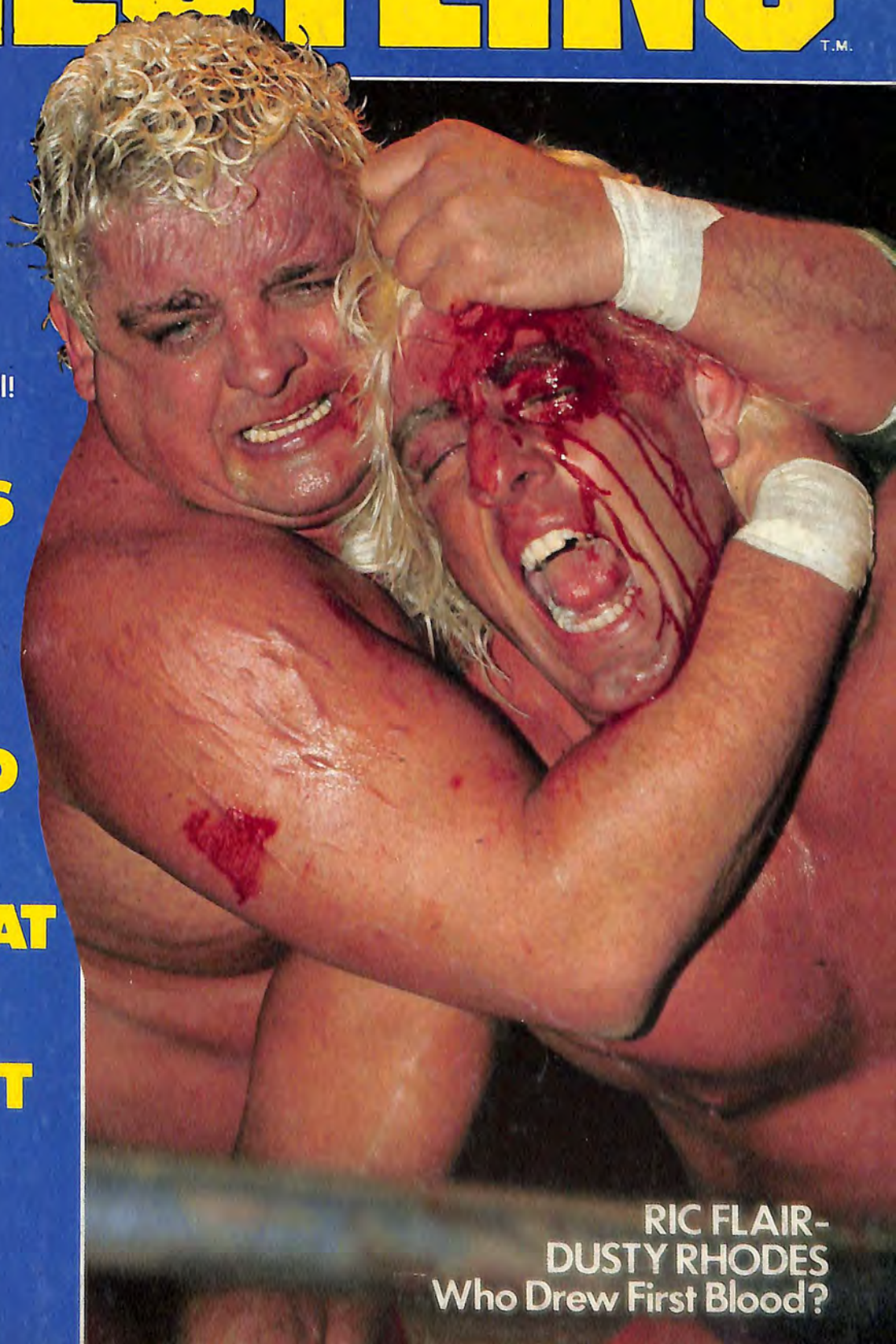
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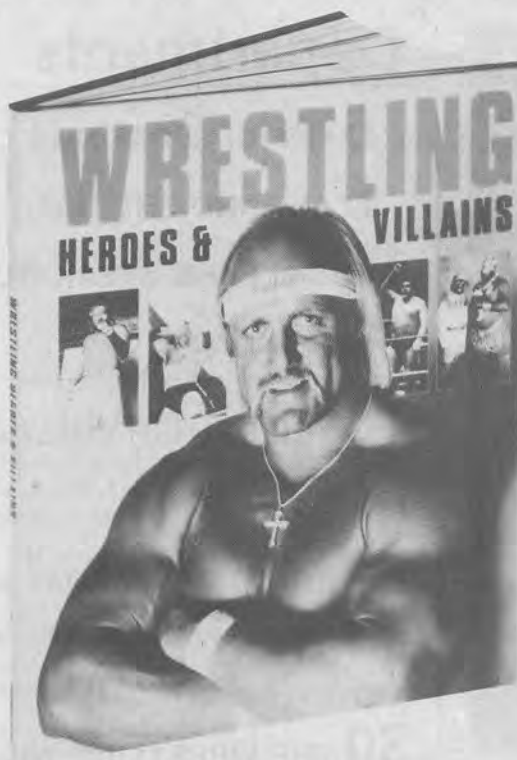


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Departments

- 6** OFFICIAL RATINGS
- 8** AROUND THE MAT
- 16** THE FANS SPEAK OUT



Features

18 THE BRITISH BULLDOGS

The Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy have burst forth on the WWF with a rare kind of talent and are surely destined for fame, glory and perhaps the Tag Team Championship.

24 RICKY STEAMBOAT & THE JUNKYARD DOG

Mismatches and other abuses from WWF management have cost this worthy tag team a chance to prove themselves against top competition. The WWF's worst kept secret: Valentine and Beefcake are scared to death of this dynamic duo.

30 THE WRESTLING NIGHT LIFE

A great night at Studio 54 celebrates NWA champ Rick Flair as man of the year and introduces a new force-to-be-reckoned-with to the squared circle.

46 WWF—THE GLORY DAYS ARE GONE

Is Hulk Hogan truly over-the-hill? Finished?! Has wrestling's biggest promoter killed the goose that laid the golden egg?

52 RANDY SAVAGE & LANNY POFFO

These two brothers are as different as good and evil and have battled each other on numerous occasions. Truly they are wrestling's Cane and Abel!

58 INSIDE THE SQUARED CIRCLE

The life and death struggle between the WWF and AWA-NWA goes on. While the latter provide top-notch competition, the WWF resorts to promotional gimmicks.

66 YOU CAN LEARN TO WRESTLE!

At the well-equipped Quest School you can learn all the right moves from experienced trainers and prepare yourself for the "major leagues" of wrestling—if you qualify!

70 PEDRO MORALES

Since his classic 1972 match with Bruno Sammartino, Morales has held the unofficial title of "Most Scientific" wrestler.

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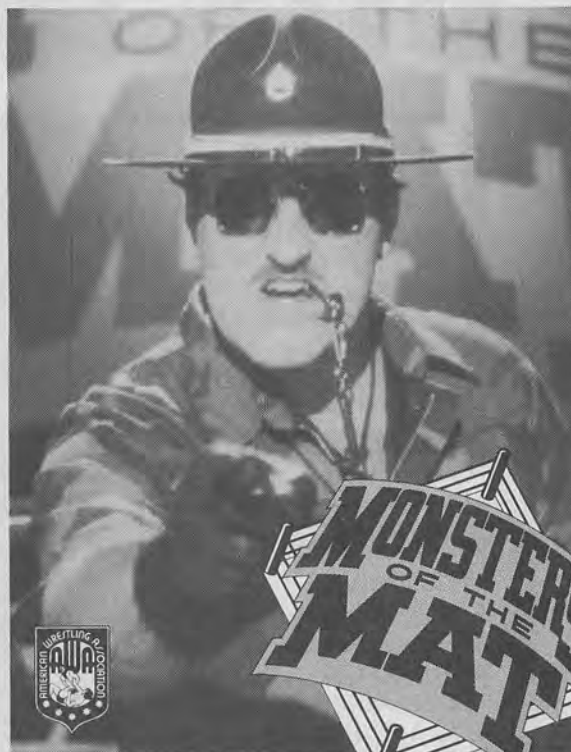
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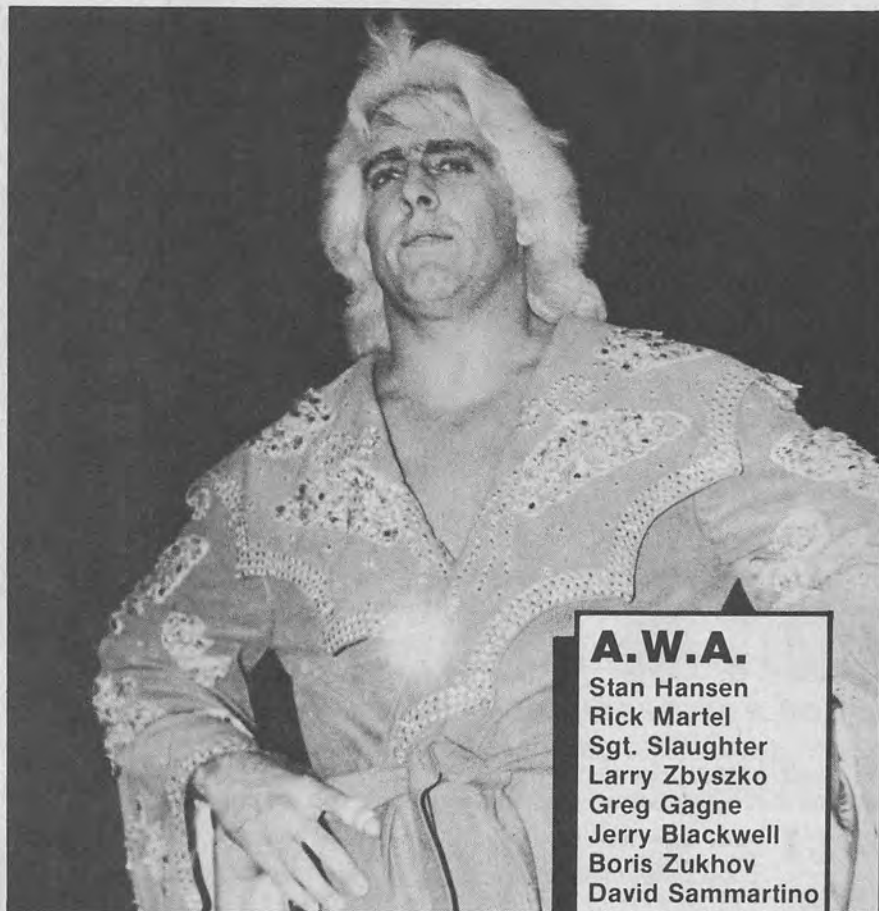
Championship Wrestling's Official Ratings

CHAMPS

Hulk Hogan W.W.F.
Ric Flair N.W.A.
Stan Hansen A.W.A.
Sgt. Slaughter
—America's (A.W.A.)
Randy Savage
—Inter-Continental
(W.W.F.)

BIG 10 W.W.F.

- 1) Hulk Hogan
- 2) King Kong Bundy
- 3) Randy Savage
- 4) Terry Funk
- 5) Don Muraco
- 6) Paul Orndorff
- 7) Dory Funk Jr.
- 8) Hillbilly Jim
- 9) Adrian Adonis
- 10) Hercules Hernandez

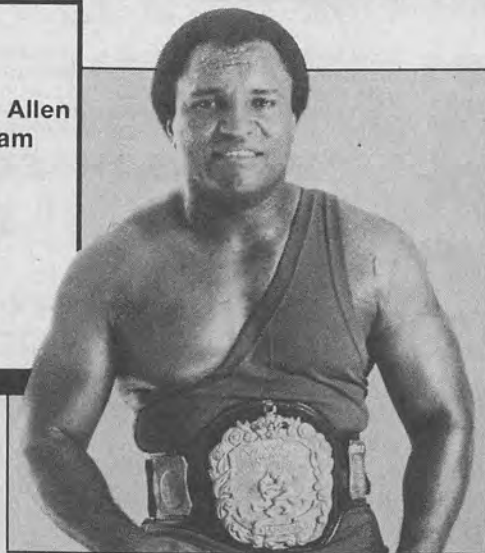


A.W.A.

Stan Hansen
Rick Martel
Sgt. Slaughter
Larry Zbyszko
Greg Gagne
Jerry Blackwell
Boris Zukhov
David Sammartino
Nick Bockwinks
Marty Jenetty

N.W.A.

Ric Flair
Magnum Terry Allen
Kendall Windham
Butch Reed
Dusty Rhodes
Rick Rude
Nikita Koloff
Tyree Pride
Jimmy Valiant
Carlos Colon



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W.W.F. TAGS

- 1) Brutus Beefcake/Greg Valentine
- 2) The British Bulldogs (The Dynamite Kid & Davey Boy Smith)
- 3) The Killer Bees (B. Brian Blair & Jim Brunzell)
- 4) The Hart Foundation (Jim Neidhart & Bret Hart)
- 5) Nikolai Volkoff & The Sheik



A.W.A. TAGS

- 1) Scott Hall & Kurt Hennig
- 2) The Freebirds (Gordy/Hayes/Roberts)
- 3) The Mongolian Stomper & The Barbarian
- 4) The Long Riders (Bill and Scott Irwin)
- 5) Sgt. Slaughter & Greg Gagne

Most Popular

Hulk Hogan
Sgt. Slaughter
Hillbilly Jim
Jimmy Snuka*

Most Hated

Roddy Piper
Ric Flair
Randy Savage
Bobby Heenan



WOMEN

- 1) Moolah (W.W.F. Champ)
- 2) Shari Martel (A.W.A. Champ)
- 3) Debbie Coombs
- 4) Judy Martin
- 5) Lady Maxine

N.W.A. TAGS

- 1) The Rock 'n' Roll Express (Rob Gibson & Rick Morton)
- 2) The Road Warriors (Animal & Hawk)
- 3) The Minnesota Wrecking Crew (Ole & Arn Anderson)
- 4) The Midnight Express (Dennis Conorey & Bobby Eaton)
- 5) Jimmy Valiant & Manny Hernandez



*Snuka because—except for Hogan—they still sell more of his stuff than anyone else's. And at the last Garden show, they introduced someone as "The Superfly"—a "cousin" of Snuka's—and nearly caused a riot when spectators saw it wasn't their boy at all but an imitation. This makes their 4th failed attempt at replacing Snuka. The legend Lives On—Would like to try my hand at doing a story on him & his strange mystique.

Championship Wrestling's AROUND THE MAT

By Virginia 'Ginger Snaps' Bowes



AWA REPORT

Of The Big Three—the N.W.A., A.W.A. and W.W.F.—Jim Crockett's National Wrestling Alliance and Vinnie McMahon's World Wrestling Federation are, without a doubt, the very best promotions presently on the scene and probably the greatest ever.

Now, and only because it is necessary if we are to give a valid account of what's happening around the mat, we'll look in on an outfit where things are not nearly so great...nor even good...

The American Wrestling Association (A.W.A.): When talking of The Magical Kingdom of McMahon or Mr. Crockett's equally awesome Alliance, just bringing up the A.W.A. is almost a sin—a lot like walking side by side with the earth's few genuine gods, legends and heroes down halls hallowed by epic events of ongoing glory and letting yourself get caught up in the wonder of it all—then having the spell shattered when some nerd introduces an unparadonably rude noise.

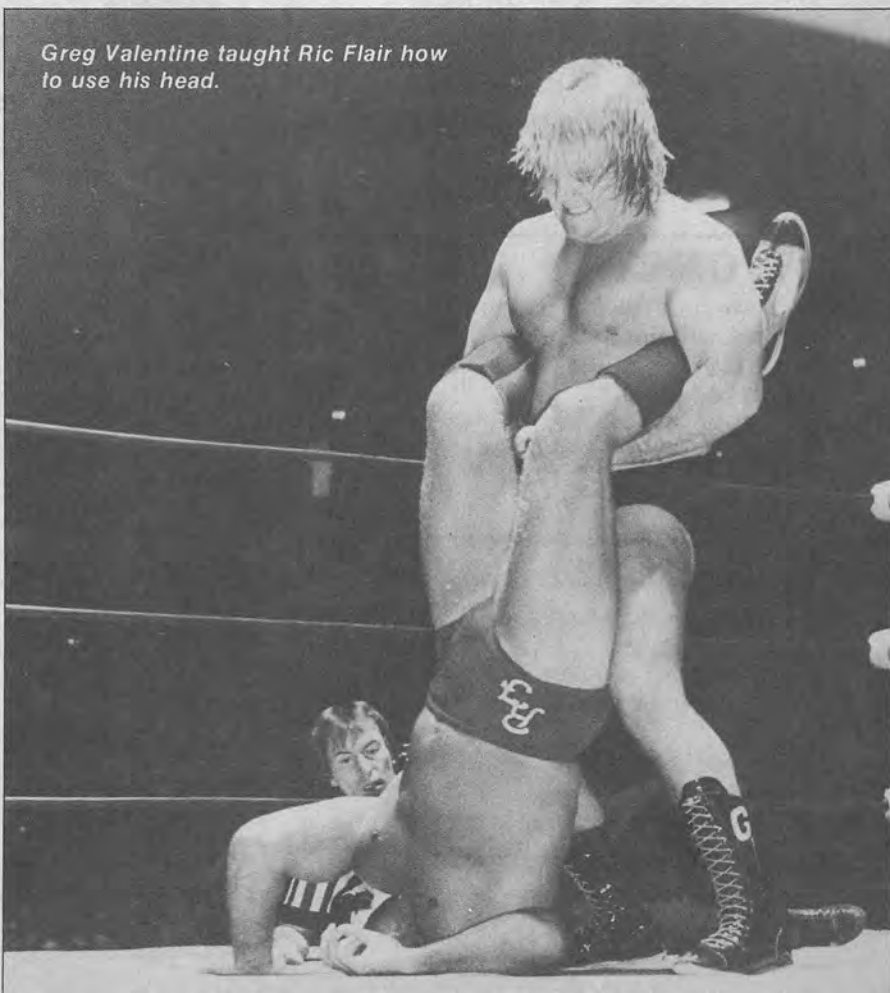
The American Wrestling Association is really that bad.

And what has to be the most excruciating aspect of the whole, stupid affair is that for years and years this promotion was universally well liked, occasionally even idealized and always respectably near the top of the major-league-wrestling heap.

Trapped now on a spiral that can only spin irretrievably downward and farther away from its past position of grace where once it boasted a fair share of our sport's multi-splendid bounty, the Association's fall into its present fling with utter garbage was far from a genteel withering towards senility but more on the order of a sudden,

All the latest happenings in professional wrestling—with updates from the WWF, NWA, AWA as well as an in-depth report on the upstart Independents.

Greg Valentine taught Ric Flair how to use his head.



suicidal plunge from highest mountain peak straight into a gutter of the absurd.

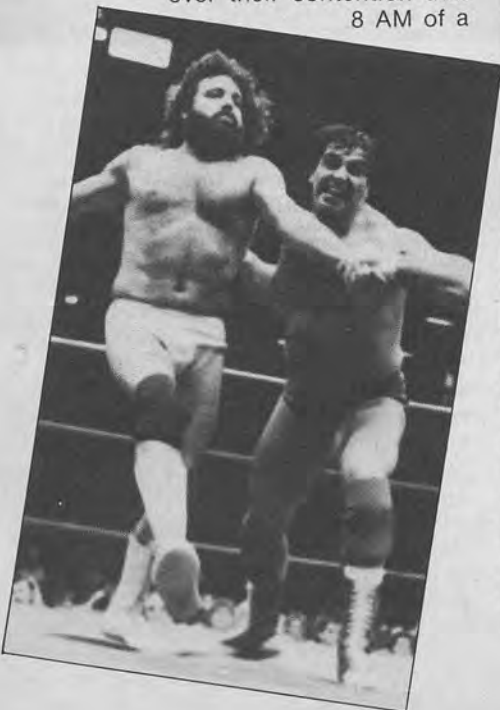
How did it all happen?

We're not sure, but by setting down in black on white this badly ailing, most likely dying, promotion's current circumstances, maybe we can put our heads together and come to some conclusion of just where and why things went so wrong...at which point we'll all meet at the local McDonald's in order to map-out a strategy for forming our own wrestling group.

And if you buy that line of goods, Bunky, there grows a bridge in Brooklyn you might also want to purchase. In other words, dear reader, electing yourself head honcho over this most exotic facet of free enterprise isn't nearly as easy as it looks but, in fact, carries with it a mandate for qualities of character which are well beyond the realm of most mortals.

For one thing, you'd have to be a paramount matchmaker possessed of an all-out uncanny instinct for booking bouts wherein each and every one of your wrestlers are brought to the tippy-toe heights of his or her capabilities...every single night of the week. Then there's the all-important development of individual personalities that draws a fine line on which the main man (or lady) must keep the hired hands so that all receive as much creative exploitation as they can take without becoming, heaven forbid, overexposed.—This, all by itself, is an art.—From there we get into the production end of things where, amid all the other fun to be had with such yummy issues as outro bumpers and generic openers and however much else goes with the new lingo you'd better learn, you'll be obliged to engage in savage battles with network execs over their contention that

8 AM of a



Kendo Nagasaki got the point from "The American Dream".



Rick Martel sent Jimmy Garvin rushing home to Precious.

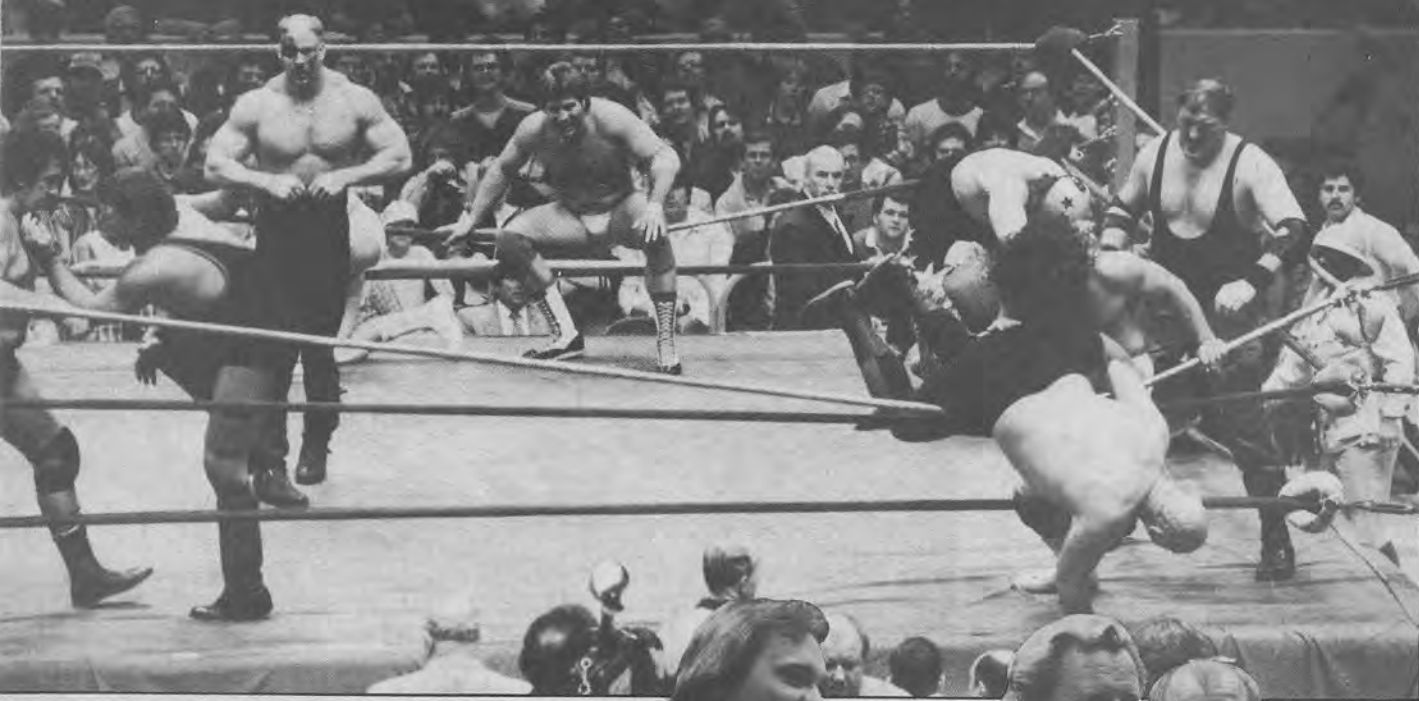
Saturday morning is a very fine time to air your tv show.

And speaking of television, you'll also be needing the services of commentators who not only can talk but, rarest of the rare!, can distinguish a wrist lock from a wristwatch. However, way before you can even begin to puzzle-out these finer points, there's the minor matter of wrestlers...Where, O where will you find them all? And

when found, how do you propose to get them to leave where they're at and come work for you?...Or perhaps you were thinking of dropping in at your neighborhood gym and shanghaiing a motley crew of muscle-bound meanies to play bad guys off an equal number of dimpled cupcakes who naturally will fill the bill as your organization's goodies.—Guess again.

So long is the list of all those super-

Over-exposure has cost Sgt. Slaughter dearly. Was his "Battle Royale" victory his last hurrah?



human traits prerequisite to the big-time promoter that our magazine has—pages enough to properly define just what it does take to cut it as one of these mighty denizens of our sport.

To talk of all this and again mention the A.W.A. is to further gall and appall: Making it as far as he did and, what's so much harder, maintaining his hold for so long a count prove beyond a shadow that at one time, and not all that long ago either, Verne Gagne indeed had all it took.

But that was then. This is now.

For today finds a strangely undisturbed Mr. Gagne still manfully standing at the helm while, with loads of help/hindrane (so we're told) from #1 son Greg, the leaky old barge on the rocks—that is his promotion rapidly sinks into the bottom-most pits.

But how low is bottom-most? Well, to accurately assess the depths of disgrace into which this promotion, and so its titles, has fallen, you need only look at what happened to Rick Martel.

Rick Martel—Tsuruta

With the face of an angel and an unearthly wrestling finesse to match, Martel had more than a dozen real belts to his credit by the time he reached the doors of the Association. Once inside, he inched his way up the ranks in confrontations that are burnished on our memories in fire and gold. After paying his dues, Rick was given the pleasure of meeting in mortal combat the man who then wore the belt: no less than the legendary Japanese giant, Jumbo Tsuruta.



Larry Zybszko's style owes much to Sammartino and Bockwinkel, though he expresses gratitude to neither.

You need not ask for whom the bell tolled at the finish of that match because we'll tell you it tolled for the gent from Japan. Smartly chopping down and laying out his behemoth opponent in puddles of blood, Tricky Ricky The Giant Killer was now the Association's Heavyweight Champion.

And a truly super Champ was he! In passionate defenses of his belt against such as Zybszko, Jimmy Garvin, Kendo Nagasaki, and even the N.W.A.'s king-pin Nature Boy Flair, Rick became the fondest example of what scientific wrestling is supposed to be all about.

Gagne Vs. McMahon

But then, as luck would have it—and none of it good—when Rick should have been given both time to get the

hang of what being top man in a major promotion actually means as well as a little space in which to work on attracting a better class of wrestler to the already desperately troubled group, those greying but O-so brilliant heads who run things over at the Association had other ideas: Because Vince McMahon had lately gotten into the vexing habit of bringing his show into certain sectors of our country which these geniuses seem to think are the exclusive property of the A.W.A., Gagne and his gang—ever the shrewd businessmen!—sniveled a few times and then came up with a marvelous resolution that ran along the lines of: "If that's how Vinnie wants to play, alright for him. He'll be sorry 'cause now we'll get our guys to mess around in Vinnie's yard, and see how he likes it." So brilliant in fact, it boggles the mind... along with a

few other vital organs.

What we'd like to know is just where it's written that any single organization can "own" pieces of this nation that is ours like it's nothing more than a slab of pizza and said organization can therefore deny all the good people living in these places their inalienable right to choose. Whether we're talking about dental floss, telephone service or wrestling, it all boils down to one very basic premise: *Americans are guaranteed freedom of choice.*

Fortunately for us, someone did think to write this down. It can be found in our Constitution—around that part dealing with such newfangled notions

higher than a tit-for-tat-you-smacked-my-hiney-so-now-I'm-gonna-whack-yours-back way of thinking.

Where reason, rationality and planning should have prevailed, all instead was a dim-witted scramble into spite-work at its stupidest.

And while an avenging Verne fiddled around in east coast arenas, his home territory which had been going to pot for some time—and this is probably what inspired McMahon to make his move in the first place—was a shambles. But what you don't know can't hurt you. Since the Association didn't bother coming around to the old neighborhood much anymore, nobody



Tito Santana's career found new life as a tag team partner to Pedro Morales.

as life...liberty...the pursuit of happiness...and other stuff like that.

Didn't any one of the A.W.A.'s hot-shots every hear about all this? It's been going on for years. But then, what with little rookie wrestlers skipping through arenas, wrapped in their fathers' belts; old men wearing dark glasses, stumbling in tangle-footed attempts to recapture the sweet bird of a youth long flown and all of them united under a common inability to cope with the here and now, it just may be that they really did fail to notice how, right along with dunking stools and burning witches in the town square, monopolies are very much out of fashion—nevermind illegal—and about as un-American as an enterprise can get. Or is it that the Association has now seceded from these United States? ...which, considering its recent record of disastrous follies, could very well be the case.

If goose-stepping all over the Constitution failed to phase, it could hardly be expected for anyone there to grasp that when a tree of free enterprise seeks to stretch out its branches, the motivation should spill forth from something

was there to see what was happening. Or if perchance they did see, they couldn't have cared a hell of a lot.

Of course not. All the A.W.A. now lived for—perhaps the only thing that kept it going—was whatever piddles of twisted joy can be suckled from the cold nipple of that mean old mother, Revenge.

So it came to pass that the outfit which could no longer hold onto even its own, oldest fans was yanked up at its crotch to be dumped in the unfamiliar wilds of New York and thereabouts, where it was required to break the back of only the most popular promotion on earth.

Here stands, unparalleled, the muck-up to end all muck-ups.

But then—Surprise!—exhibiting an insight nobody dreamed they could get up on a bet, the powers who be decided that just maybe it might be a bit rough for the A.W.A. to go it alone. That's when Jim Crockett was reeled in on the deal and, seduced by broad winks and slaps on the back, he unsuspectingly betrothed part of his promotion to this Bozo-The-Clown misadventure. The American Wrestling Association and

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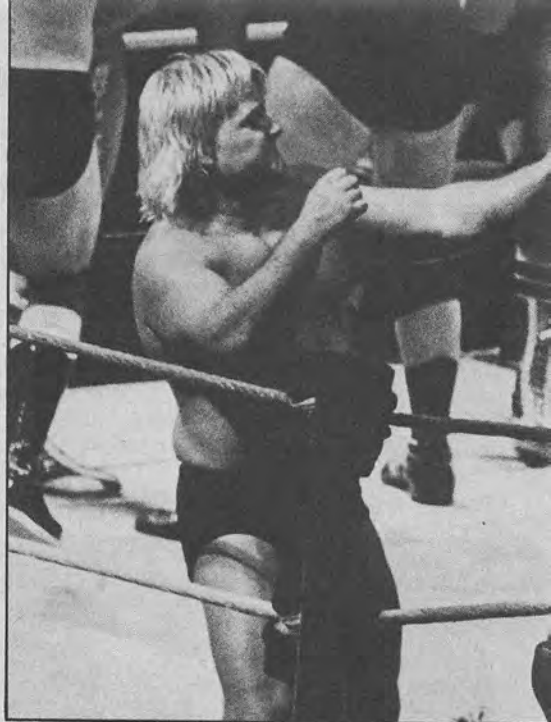
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American Heart
Association



Did Sgt. Slaughter's escape from the WWF shorten his career?

Pedro Morales had a recent run-in with Greg Valentine and The Iron Sheik. Look for Morales to exact revenge on the WWF tag team circuit.



the National Wrestling Alliance, in unholy union, spat out a defective child they named Pro Wrestling USA.

Rick Martel is okay if exceptional wrestling is your thing. But, understand: What's involved here goes way beyond wrestling or any other worldly want for that matter. We're now talking a one-way ticket into the la-la-land of the fanatic.—If not fanaticism, what then could cause otherwise sensible men to blow whole lifetimes' accumulations of professional reps, personal bank accounts and self-built businesses right down the tube?—For sure USA/AWA had about it the pie-eyed aura of a religious cult gone crazy. With spirits feeding off a steady diet of hate, and "We Must Annihilate McMahon" changed by the multitudes, it just naturally followed that northeastern American became a lunatic's vision of The Promised Land into which the faithful made ready to cross on the backs of the N.W.A.

All this insane asylum now needed was its Messiah.

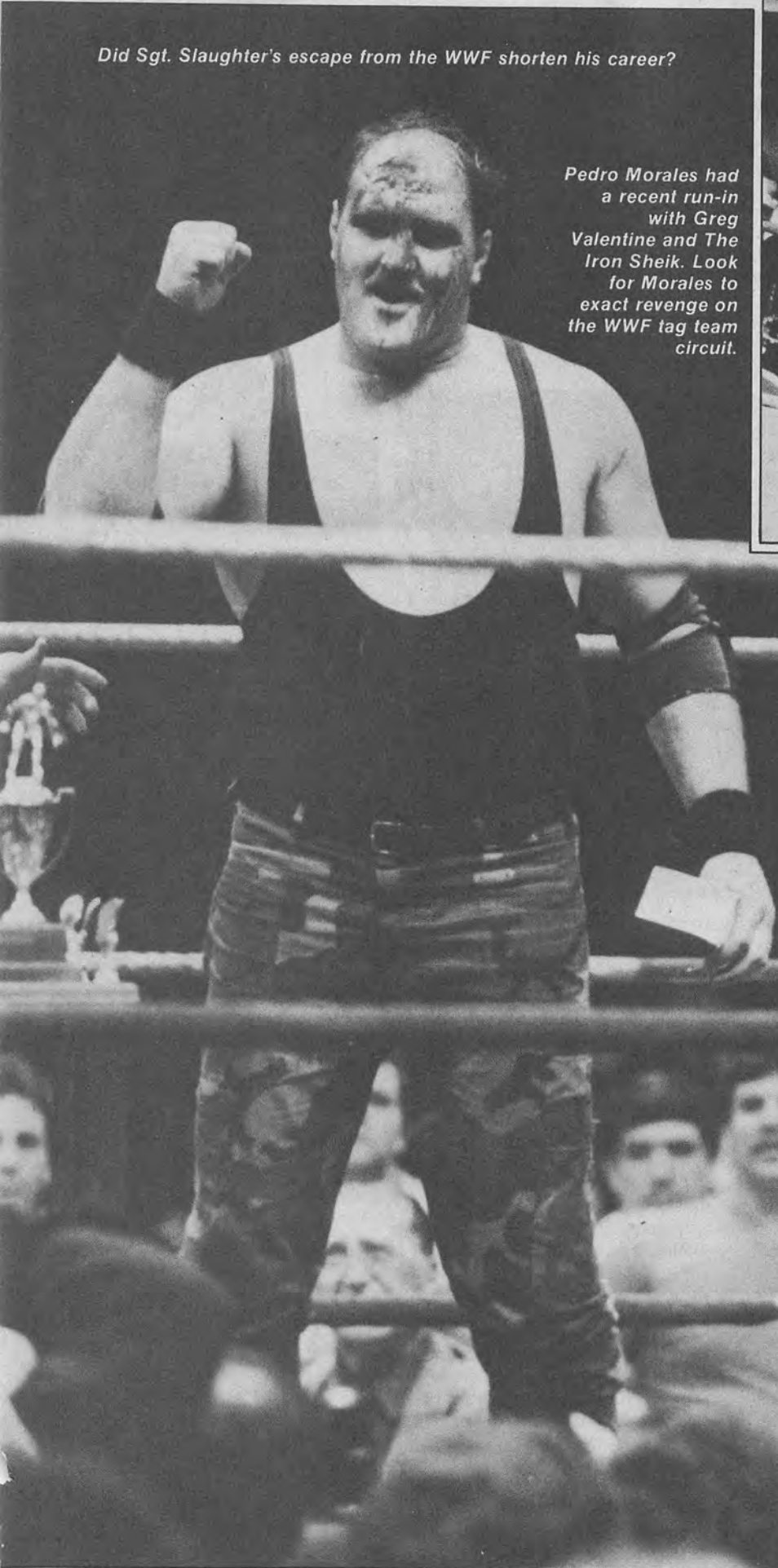
Rise & Fall of Sgt. Slaughter

Well, by golly, then occurred a miracle: Materializing out of a cloud of vapor one day in the Association's offices came Sgt. Slaughter.

A.W.O.L. from the Federation after a hoo-haw centering around whether the promotion or the Sarge was entitled to pocket the money earned off tv commercials in which he'd appeared (No question: Slaughter was right.), the marine did an about-face on McMahon, but then found himself without a barracks to call his own.

His entrance into the A.W.A. was treated like The Second Coming.

Please, please don't misunderstand:





Of wrestling's unsung heroes, Bob Backlund rates #1 and Rick Martel, #2.



Along with everyone else, we've always found Bob Slaughter to be an exciting and explosive addition to even the best wrestling circles.

But, geez, even God gets to rest one day a week.

That may be alright for God, quoth the Association, but not for Slaughter. Slaughter's too important.

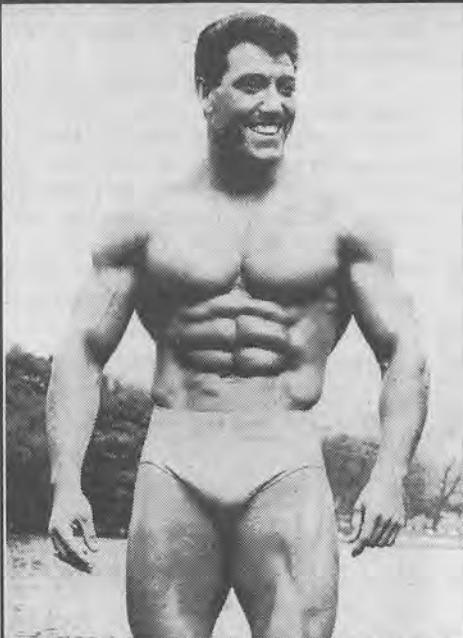
Just be all things to all people, was their only demand.

He tried. And how he tried!

Not a single, solitary AWA/USA card could be held unless blessed by this divine presence in khaki—shows on which, it goes without saying, the sergeant was always the main event. This irregardless of the fact, you must remember (though everyone else apparently forgot), that Rick Martel was supposed to be their Champ.

And such shows these were! At one such unforgettable fete, after being serenaded by Slaughter and his band—The Slaughterettes?—the faithful

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then beheld a wondrous exhibition in which Sgt. Bob rambo'd his way to triumph through a tag-team-battle-royale.

So what's wrong with that?, you might ask.

Plenty, we say, since he did it minus a partner.

Rather than realizing that when one, lone wrestler can prevail over an arena-full of their "best" teams it must mean that the whole kit and caboodle stinks, the Association instead took this seemingly miraculous victory as further evidence of the super-human powers wielded by this god they'd created.

Though so very excellent a wrestler, Sgt. Slaughter is after all only a man. Soon, as it had to happen, the strain of a schedule that never ceased and pressure imposed by grown men who acted scared to visit the boys' room without holding his hand—forget about putting entire shows together—started to take its toll. Notice how the Sarge of today is a far, far cry from the straightforward patriot who took on Blassie's Sheik in bloodbaths that had to sear you to the gut.

Ran into the ground now and a shell of his former self, thanks to incompetence and ineptitude at its most sublimely asinine, Sgt. Slaughter is one genuinely superb wrestler who was forced to burn out far too soon. And this has to be the biggest, damndest shame of all the other shameful things that happened.

So it was that an unsung, all but totally ignored, Rick Martel had his tenure as title-holder chomped off high above the knees by that oft-fatal affliction that will evermore be known as The Old Backlund/Sammartino Syndrome. Like Bob, Rick was a Champ who constantly found himself in the position of playing a pee-poor second to a more favored son.

Martel was not given his own band. Indeed, no one so much as asked him if he could sing. But what's more serious is that those bouts in which he

defended only the promotion's highest title were insultingly dubbed a "co-feature". Hoo boy.

On top of being twitted by the Association's chief twits who in a hundred ways let Rick know how much they preferred Slaughter over their own Champion, what also had to cause the young Canadian untold consternation is that first the A.W.A. and then its highly heralded Northeast connection were both buried beneath a collapse of home-grown chaos.



Pro-USA's earliest offerings presented, often for the very first time in the territory, famous names that promised a night well spent. Needless to say nobody within the company had any idea of how to use the rich array of talent they were fortunate enough to have flim-flammed in for that single show. Fans were offered fleeting glimpses of those they most wanted to see who, for no apparent reason, were forced to shoot their booty within the limits of six-man-tag matches.—It was not unusual to see two or even three such events in the course of a single evening.

Getting the show over with as fast as possible always seemed to be the real name of the game. To best serve this end, people who'd paid hard cash to view these things were and still are tossed nothing more than hastily slapped together hodge-podges of the grossest slop imaginable.

Soon this magnificent obsession with saving time extended itself into even the official ranks with referees constantly calling matches on decisions so silly that wrestlers and spectators have been known to stare at each other in open-mouthed amazement.

The few new faces brought in on a full-time basis for what was supposed to be the group's rebirth never stood a chance. Shoo'd into clashes that had not the slightest relationship to which

protagonist could do justice by another, matches between even outstanding grapplers took on all the classic majesty of Saturday night brawls in a bawdy house.—The most putrid example, among so many putrid examples, of how this does affect a wrestler and therefore the outfit with which he's affiliated is seen in what went down between the A.W.A. and Kendo Nagasaki. Though his brief but hideous go-round with the Association is pocked by defeat upon defeat, in reality Nagasaki hails from the cream of the elite Japanese mat scene. Mean Kendo's only problem was that he was brought to his knees and simply couldn't deal with the rampaging bewilderment that's wiped the place clean of all sense and order. We'd hoped that scouts from either McMahon's or Crockett's camps would note his predicament and save the day with some sort of rescue mission. It didn't work out that way, but the important thing is that Nagasaki was able to escape on his own power to the Pacific Southwest where, to no one's surprise, he's already grabbed himself a title.

In truth, all the worthy ones were leaving by the plane-load.

Rick wanted to wrestle and hankered for a real fight. But with everyone making hasty exits—unless the N.W.A. was able to come through with a CARE package in the form of competition that deserved the name—Martel was reduced to renewing battles he'd long ago won against past opponents who were still around or, if worse came to worse (and it often did), waltzing about the ring with one or another from that covey of old ladies who were then and always will be with the Association.

Old wrestlers never die. They just go to the A.W.A.

Yes, Rick was a Champion. But there had to come a crucial point when he asked himself "Champion over what?".

While it all had to damage his sense of professional well-being, what's so much worse is that Martel let it get to him personally. First he was hurt. Then broken.

Stan "The Lariat" Hansen

Finally Stan "The Lariat" Hansen happened along and, in a weird match at The Meadowlands no one could figure out, he took the title.

If it weren't for the darkness, we couldn't see the stars. In the same way, it takes two wrestlers of differing but at least adequate abilities to make a match. So a man can have a personality like bubonic plague but still be a good or even fantastic wrestler. You see this with Jimmy Garvin, The Masked Superstar, Valentine, Muraco, and so many others.

Fan's Speak

Sgt. Slaughter Betrayal

Dear Championship Wrestling:

Whatever happened to Sgt. Slaughter? I haven't heard much from him lately and if there was anything happening I would have heard because I'm his biggest fan. Could Slaughter's disappearance have anything to do with Mr. Lee Iacocca? After all, both these great Americans have been trying to fix the Statue of Liberty and they both have been running into more than their share of trouble in the process. For one, Mr. Iacocca got himself fired by some politician over some nit-picking point. Could it be this politician was set up to this betrayal by the Russians? Did the Russians put a price on Lee Iacocca's head? Is Iacocca to be sacrificed so that those BS summit talks can go on? As for Sgt. Slaughter, we all know how he's struggled on a one-man crusade to rid the USA of foreigners, especially those ugly Russians. Could the good Sarge be under attack from unscrupulous wrestling promoters who are trying to get more foreigners into wrestling? Because these foreigners will work cheaper than our American boys? Please tell me my fears are false.

Sincerely,
John F. Williams
Summit, NJ

Dear John,

I wish we could tell you that the misfortunes of Lee Iacocca and Sgt. Slaughter were not related and had nothing to do with some evil Communist plot. If anyone should know, it's your Congressman. Why not write him today and let him tell you the sad truth.—ED

Justice For Dusty Rhodes

Dear Championship Wrestling:

I'd really like to say I like your magazine but I just can't. Not when you keep making Ric Flair look better than Dusty Rhodes. Let's just get the fact

straight. They don't call Dusty "The American Dream" for nothing. Dusty became "The Dream" because he stands for everything that is good. This man is always the underdog and has to struggle against rule-breakers while never, ever using "foreign objects" or outside interference to help his cause. As for Ric Flair, I can't wish him enough harm. For one thing, I hope somebody will cut his ugly hair or at least dye it purple or green. One question: Is Ric the twin brother of Kevin Sullivan?

Sincerely,
Jan Hurst
Laredo, Texas

Dear Jane,

When we asked Ric Flair if he was related to Kevin Sullivan he got very angry with us and hung up the phone, saying that was the worst insult ever thrown at "Nature Boy." When we called Kevin Sullivan with the same question, he threatened to put a satanic curse upon us. By the way, if it's any help, Kevin hates Dusty Rhodes.—ED

Calling Dr. D

Dear Championship Wrestling:

First I would like to say that Championship Wrestling magazine is great! And I have been watching Dave Shultz wrestle for 3 or 4 years now, and I think he should be reinstated to the W.W.F., because it needs a great wrestler like Dr. D to punish and hurt his opponents. He could easily be the W.W.F. Heavy Weight Champ, and Intercontinental Champ. Chump Hogan, and Chico Santana are just a couple of scrubs from the local Gin Mill! And Vince McMahon has forgotten what wrestling really is, and the federation better do something soon or they may end up with no viewers or fans.

Sincerely,
Ted Monte
Stfd. Ct.

P.S. We really know the JYD did not end Ken Patera's career, first it's not possible, and second Patera's in jail with Mr. Saito for beating up cops.



Stan Hansen

A half dozen years or so back, you best believe, the big guy out of Borger Texas was one hell of a wrestler.—It was he, you know, who broke Bruno Sammartino's neck and came this close to ending the career of that legend.—But now, so long after abandoning work-outs in the gym in order to devote his full energies to becoming a certifiable ding-dong, there's just no way today's Stan Hansen is at all up to overwhelming Rick Martel.

While Hansen may have been the one to Boston-crab Martel to submission (at least that's the official verdict), confusion and disappointment were, in the end, what really defeated Rick.

"The Lariat" is simply a very lucky boy with a talent for being in the right place at the right time.

This then is what's become of the belt worn in times past by Verne Gagne (one of maybe three of the leading scientific grapplers of at least the last quarter century), Fritz Von Erich and, originally, The Flying Frenchman Eduardo Carpentier... CARPENTIER!!! for gosh sake! (And if you don't know who he is, you don't know wrestling.)

Russians & Foreigners

Sgt. Slaughter is still reigning as America's Champ and, because he does take the title so seriously, is a man possessed. Ridding the arenas of those who oppose our American way of life (He should have started with Gagne.) and making the U.S. of A. again safe for Mom and little Johnny is the quest that has led him into countless rhubarbs against Zuhov, Markoff, bug-off, and the N.W.A.'s contribution to the fracas, The Krusher and The Koloffs I and II.

Russians are often called bears and there's a very good reason for this: Knowing nothing better than burying their nuts in the snow and sleeping away their lives, bears—like Russians—are boring. As in BORRRRRING.

While we could tolerate occasional visits from Ivan Koloff only because he's as much an exception to this rule as he is an exceptional combatant, the rest mean nothing.

We only hope the Sarge will finally
(Continued on page 43)

Kerry Von Erich
manhandles Ken
Patera.



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BRITISH



The Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith have burst forth on the WWF with a rare kind of talent that will surely win them fame and glory and perhaps even the coveted Tag Team Championship.

By Mighty Mike Kimmel

The Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith, known collectively as the British Bulldogs, have consistently demonstrated all the tenacity, speed, endurance, raw power, and scientific grappling knowledge necessary to carve out their own unique niche and reign supreme at the very top of the pro wrestling tag team mountain. At 27 and 23 years of age, respectively, these two outstanding young athletes have already captured the heart, soul, and imagination of the wrestling world, exhibiting a professionalism, ring intuition, and desire seldom before seen within the confines of the rough and tumble World Wrestling Federation.

Despite their relative youth, the Bulldogs are probably the most experienced and cohesive tag team unit in active competition today. This

natural and intuitive compatibility inside the ring stems from their close family relationships as cousins, and their adolescent training together for careers in professional wrestling. Having originally learned their craft in England, the Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith have become masters of the classic British pro style, which involves a wide variety of scientific and aerial mat maneuvering not commonly practiced inside the United States.

British Vs American Technique

Furthermore, professional wrestlers trained in England tend to display greater strategic capabilities and superior physical conditioning than their American counterparts. While it is true that many British grapplers will typically lack the size, weight,



BULLDOGS

and strength of the monolithic mastodons bred within the United States, the fast paced pro wrestling action available throughout Europe helps develop the tactical expertise, speed, balance, leverage, and flexibility which often allow smaller, quicker wrestlers to annex impressive victories over larger, more ponderous, less skillful adversaries.

Unlike many of their fleet-footed countrymen, however, the Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith have also dedicated themselves almost fanatically to heavy barbell training throughout the past several years in a methodical effort to seal off all possible avenues to defeat forevermore. Thus, in addition to the speed, stamina, and mind boggling grappling abilities acquired in European competition, the British Bulldogs also lay claim to tremendous, sometimes deceptive,

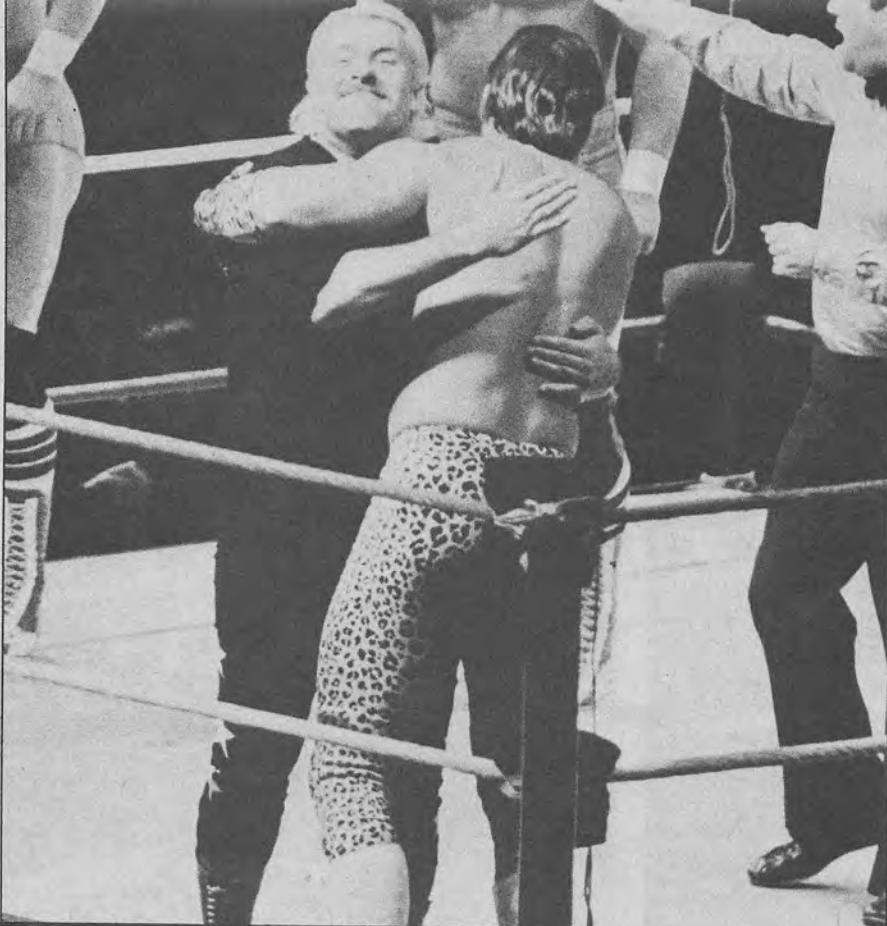
physical strength, particularly in the upper body. This prodigious power is fully evident in Davey Boy Smith's favorite finishing maneuver, as he presses the Dynamite Kid high overhead and hurls him downward onto unfortunate ring victims for the pinfall.

Clearly, then, the British Bulldogs have stepped into the WWF with a fabulous arsenal of acquired skills and legitimate physical talents at their immediate disposal, and are fully prepared to meet and defeat the topmost competition available throughout the federation. As expected, the Bulldogs have performed exceedingly well in the WWF throughout the past year, scoring major arena victories over the Hart foundation (Brett Hart and Jim Neidhardt) and former tag team titlists Nikolai Volkoff and the Iron Shiek. They are by far the single

dominant tag team force in the WWF today, thoroughly eclipsing in ability such duos as Roddy Piper and Bob Orton, B. Brian Blair and Jumping Jim Brunzell (the Killer Bees), Tito Santana and Pedro Morales, Big John Studd and King Kong Bundy, Ricky Steamboat and King Tonga, Terry and Dory Funk, and even the current champs, Greg Valentine and Brutus Beefcake.

Inconclusive Results

Indeed, the high flying British Bulldogs are arguably the very finest tag team tandem ever to invade the WWF, and would undoubtedly astound the entire pro wrestling world if they *do not* soon capture the WWF tag team championship belts from Greg "the Hammer" Valentine and Brutus Beefcake during their

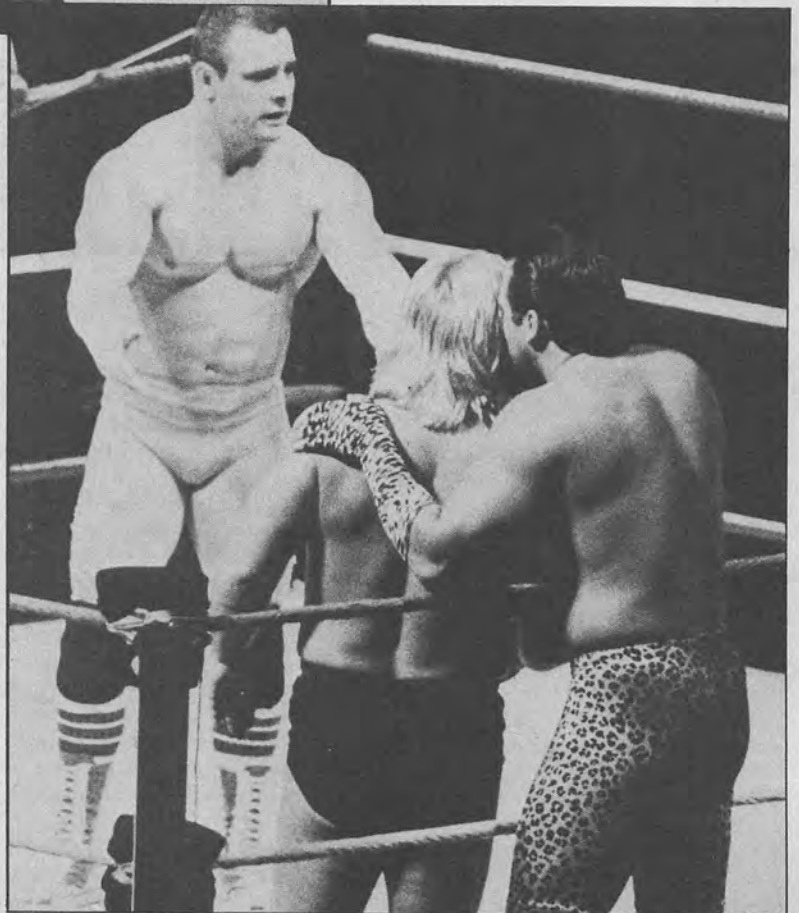


extended tour of the United States and Canada. At this writing, however, Dynamite and Smith, rather than capping their meteoric rise to the top with a swift and uncontested title victory, have somehow engaged the champions in a seemingly endless series of hard fought, but inconclusive battles.

The Bulldogs have recently retained the management services of longtime tag team wizard Captain Lou Albano, presumably to offset outside interference by Luscious Johnny Valiant, manager of the tag team champions. Dynamite and Smith may also believe that Albano, with his thorough understanding of American rulebreaking tactics, is the man best qualified to prepare and protect them against the unsportsmanlike competitive ethics practiced by Valentine, Beefcake, Valiant, and countless other WWF top contenders.

While enlisting the aid of Albano may theoretically appear to be an effective means to ensure a tag team victory in the WWF, the ungainly, 300 pound Captain has yet to demonstrate his reputed value to the

Luscious Johnny Valiant has taken Beefcake-Valentine to the top and Valiant is given most of the credit—or blame—for the defeat of Windham and Rotundo.





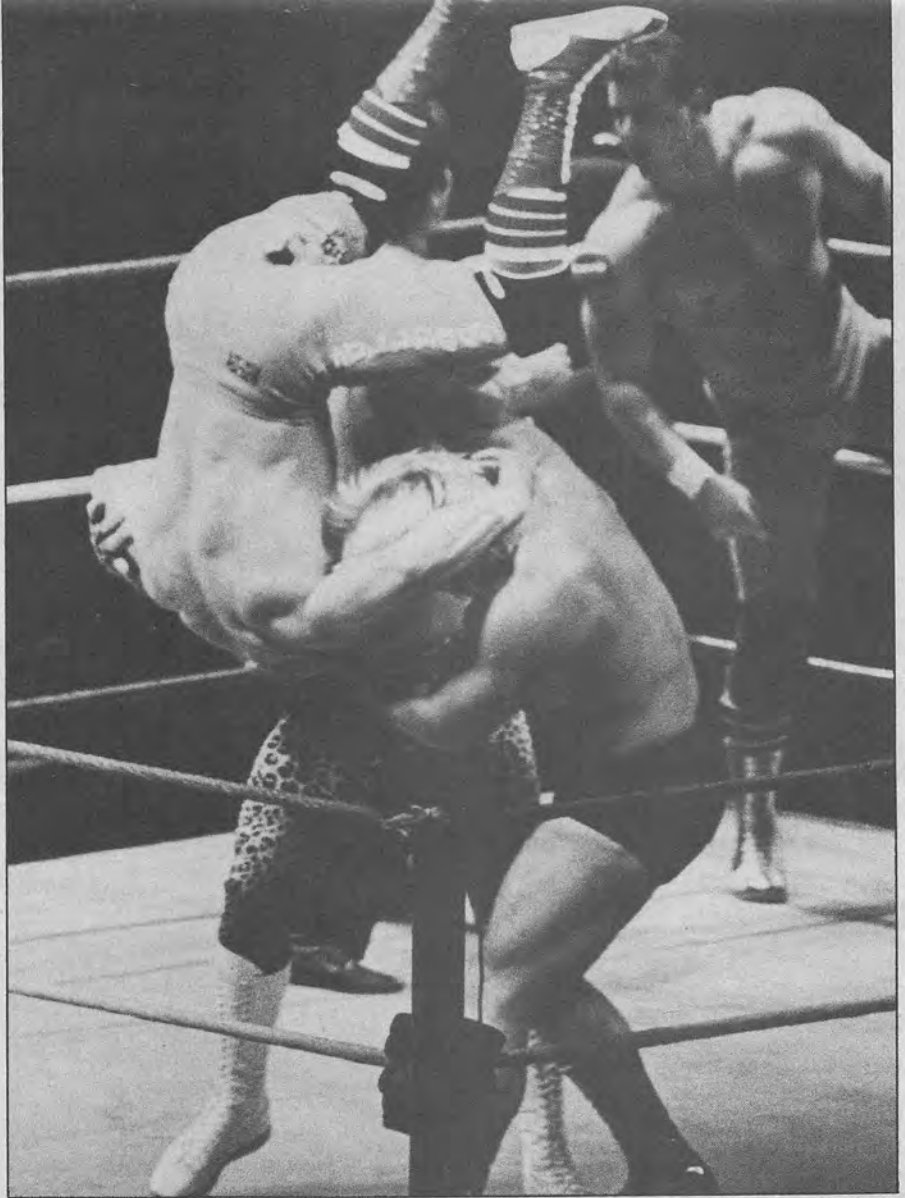
Albano has a very long and unpleasant history of casting aside talented proteges like Rotundo, Windham, Valentine, Snuka and innumerable others.

British Bulldogs in actual practice. Despite the highly touted benefits of Captain Lou Albano's expert "guidance and tutelage," the Bulldogs have not added a single new strategem or mat procedure since joining together with the alleged "maker of tag team champions."

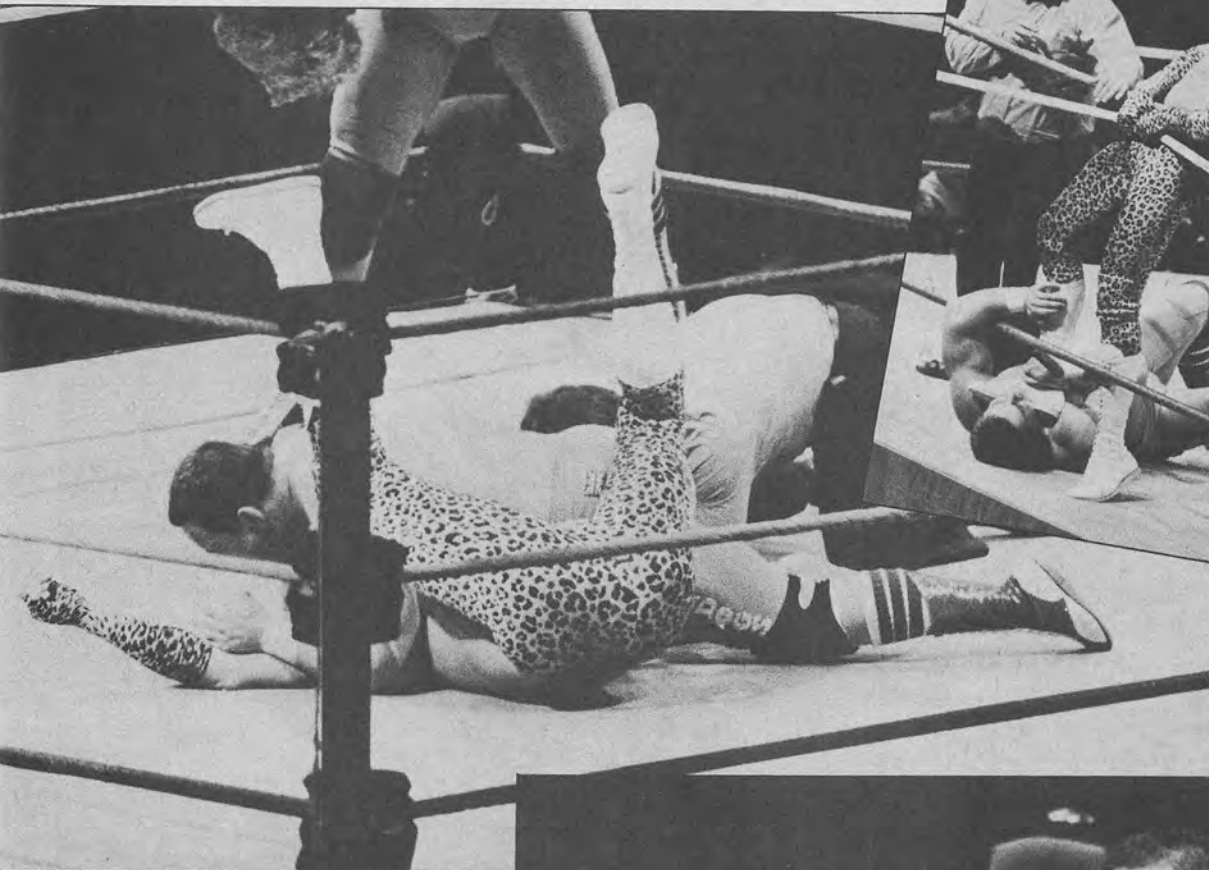
Albano Alibi?

Indeed, Albano's presence at ringside has *not* prevented Luscious Johnny Valiant's interference, as Valiant was able to intercede in the very first Madison Square Garden meeting of the two teams, causing the challengers to lose the contest via an illegal pinfall. Fans may recall, in fact, that Lou Albano's presence in the corner of Mike Rotundo and

The big question—will Lou Albano be able to protect his team from the rule-breaking tactics of Valiant and Company?



The speed, skill and muscle of the British Bulldogs has quieted the arrogance of the reigning WWF champs.

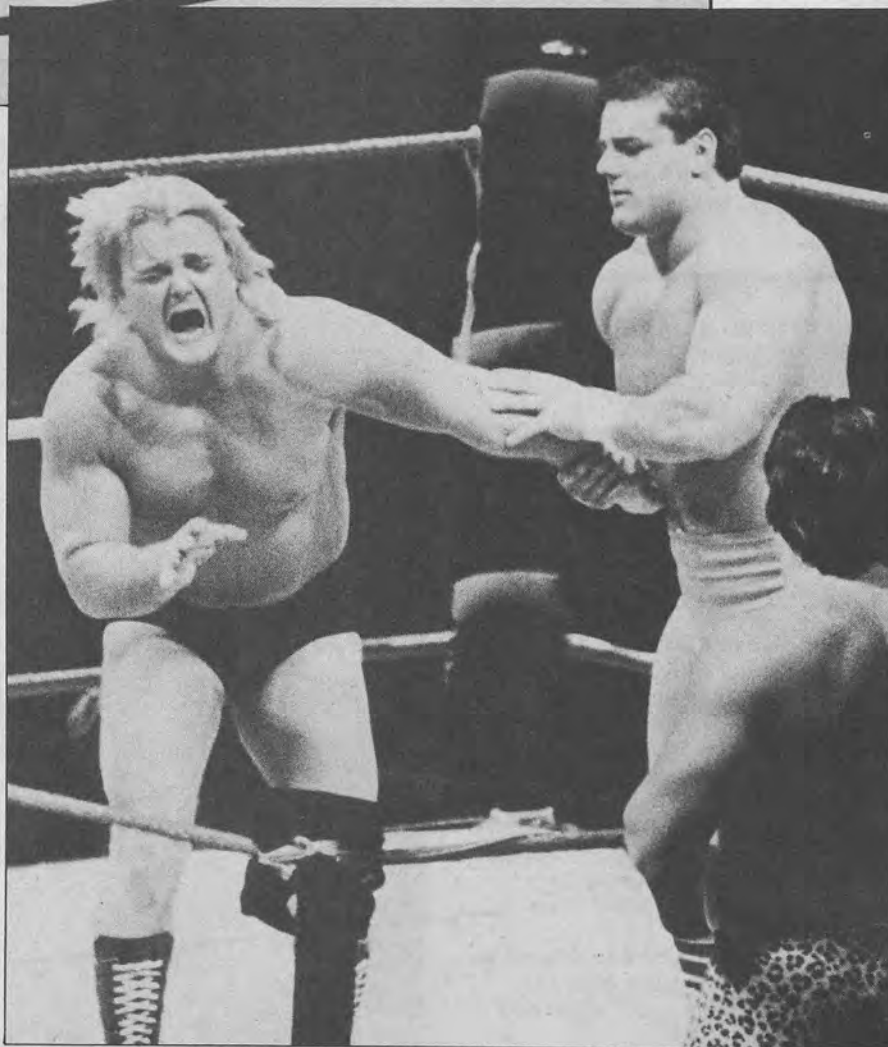


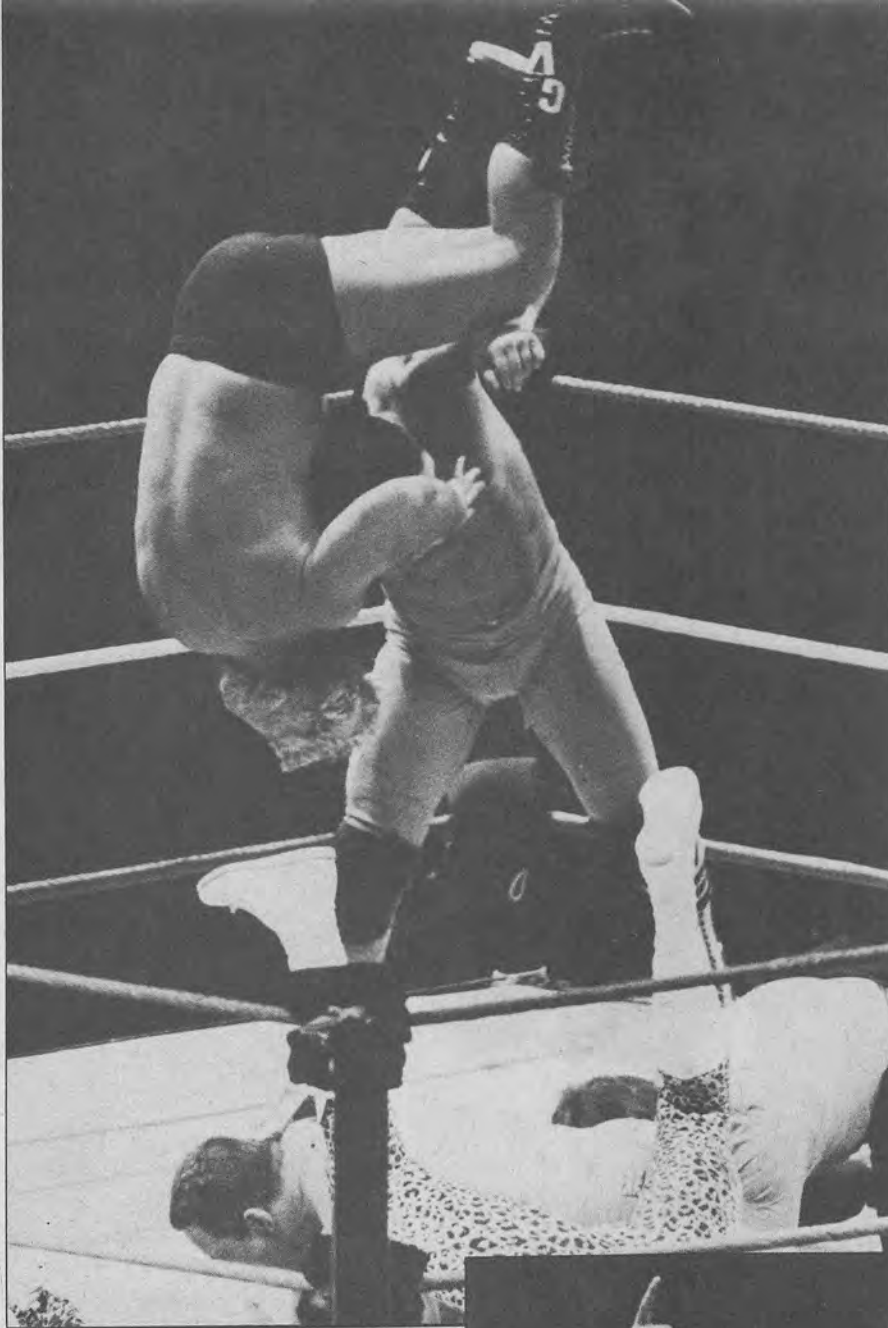
Barry Windham some months ago did not deter Valiant from passing a foreign object to protege Brutus Beefcake. Beefcake then used the weapon to momentarily blind the young Windham and capture the tag

Brutus Beefcake used a weapon to momentarily blind Barry Windham, and Lou Albano cannot be excused from most of the blame for this illegal interference.

team championship belts for himself and Valentine. Albano *can not be excused* for such blatant negligence. He has been intimately acquainted with barbarous tag team tactics such as these for many years, and is certainly responsible for more than his own fair share of illegal title changes within the past three decades.

Perhaps the famous Captain Lou Albano has become too preoccupied with his own newfound audience popularity to effectively serve any tag team combination as a ringside adviser. The Captain now seems





talented, impressive, and dynamic tag team tandem in the WWF, and must, in fact, be afforded a better than even chance of overthrowing the Road Warriors, the Koloffs, and all other NWA and AWA tag team combinations should they ever decide to leave the WWF area in search of more suitable top caliber competition. By the time this issue of Championship Wrestling reaches

In addition to the speed, stamina and mind-boggling grappling abilities acquired in European competition, the British Bulldogs also lay claim to tremendous physical strength.

publication, most experts and fans alike agree that the Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith will be proudly wearing and defending the WWF world tag team championship belts. Moreover, it is important to note that such a victory over Valentine and Beefcake will be accomplished by the Bulldogs themselves, and may not be attributed to any actions on the part of their manager. And while Dynamite and Smith will win the title in spite of Captain Lou Albano, the Captain will surely make himself readily available to share in the glory. ●

Will Lou Albano fail the Bulldogs like he did Windham and Rotundo?

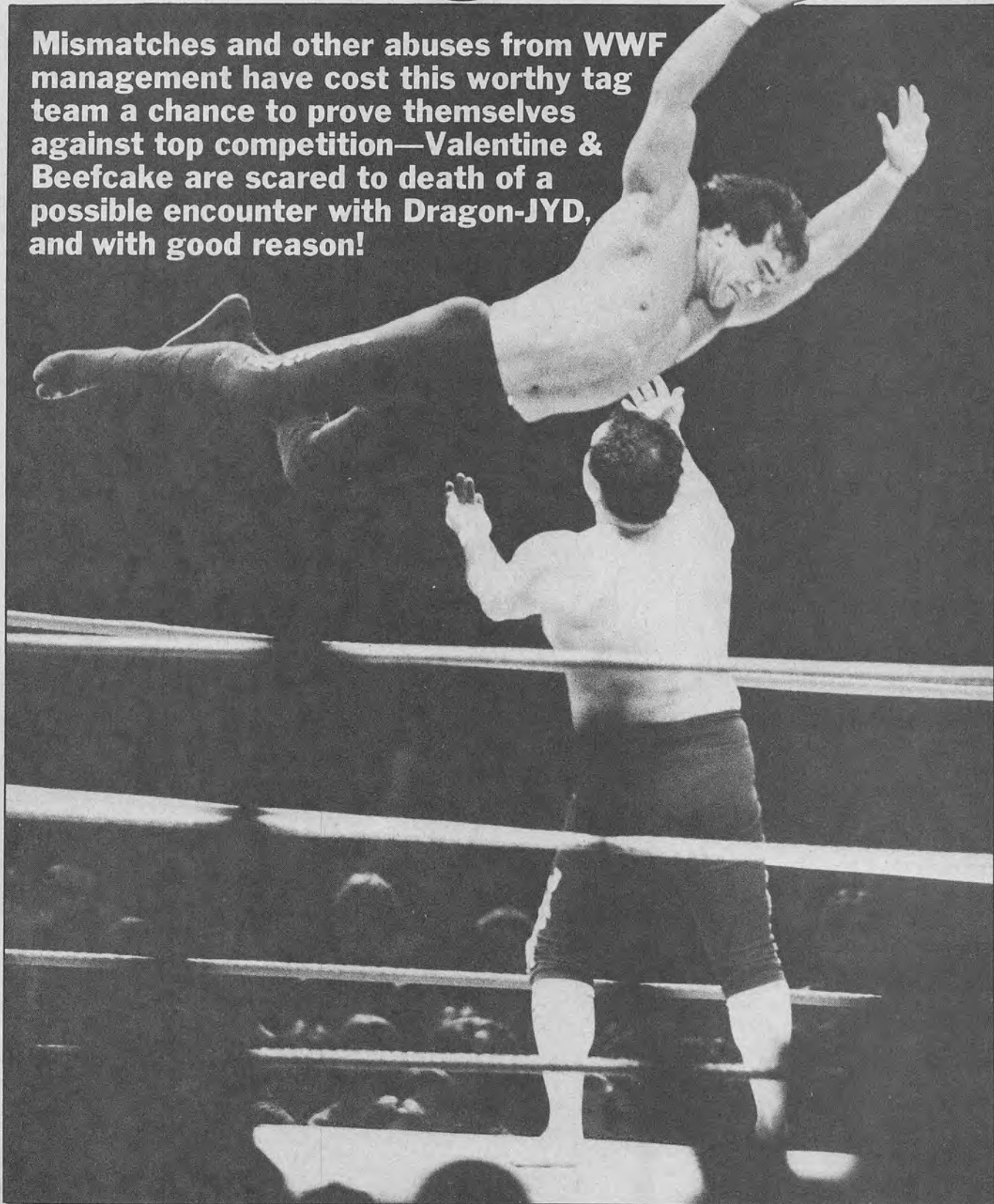
concerned only with his own lucrative career, recently cutting deals to perform a solo song on the WWF Wrestling Album, and to star in the feature length film "Wise Guys" with Joe Piscopo and Danny DeVito. The Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith would be well advised to look into the spotted past of the popular Mr. Albano, who has never been noted for long term loyalty to his clients. The Captain has a very long and unpleasant history of casting aside talented proteges like Rotundo, Windham, Greg Valentine, Jimmy Snuka, Don Muraco, and innumerable others, and the sensational young Englishmen should not make the error of presuming that Albano will consider them irreplaceable.

Regardless of their recent managerial decisions, however, the British Bulldogs remain the most



Steamboat And Junkyard Dog: ^{The} **Unsung Heroes**

Mismatches and other abuses from WWF management have cost this worthy tag team a chance to prove themselves against top competition—Valentine & Beefcake are scared to death of a possible encounter with Dragon-JYD, and with good reason!



Of The WWF

By Henry Schlesinger

The white-hot crucible of the WWF's squared-circle is beginning to heat up again. The heat, however, isn't being generated under the merciless lights in a sweat-soaked contest of muscle and skill. This time the temperature is rising, degree by degree, from battles outside the ropes. Once again, the real action in the WWF may be taking place behind the scenes.

So far the reports are merely in the rumor stage, but the rumors are persistent. And as usual, Vince McMahon Jr. isn't talking. As reporters well know, if Vince-baby can't talk to a correspondent from one of *his* publications, well then, he's about as communicative as a turnbuckle to other media sources.

The rumors began early last fall. After McMahon lured some of the most talented grapplers in the business over from the AWA and NWA camps with the familiar siren song of the big-money deal, it became obvious that even Vinny may not have anticipated the degree to which these fine athletes are dedicated to the sport. That is to say, once the ink was dry on the contracts, many may have found the scheduled matches not exactly to their liking. *Should have read that fine print, boys.*

A prime example is Ricky Steamboat. One of the most talented wrestlers ever to trod canvas. Ricky broke ties with the NWA and after a brief three month retirement re-emerged in the WWF. Steamboat's devastating and unique combination of martial arts and high-flying antics has earned him the admiration of the fans and fear from opponents. But, almost from the start of his career in the WWF it was apparent that



the 240 pound native Hawaiian was pathetically under-matched.

Now, in his new incarnation as Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat he seems forever banished to battle the second-raters of the WWF's vast stable.

Steamboat & JYD

Teamed with another first class grappler, the Junk Yard Dog, the two were signed into a series of tag team

matches against the aging Mr. Fuji and the puffed-up Muraco. Again and again Steamboat and Dog defeated their opponents. And, again and again, the matches seemed to end in a predictably easy manner for the two good guys.

Take for instance a match late last Fall between the two tag teams of Steamboat-Dog vs. Fuji-Muraco. Fuji once again tried to work the hackneyed "salt in the eyes" routine on the JYD. But while the former Green Bay Packer easily ducked a heaping fistful of seasoning, Ricky was busy with Muraco outside the ring. It didn't take long, however, for JYD to commit the buddha-like Fuji to the mat for the count with his famous finishing move, "The Big Thump."

A few months later, in Tampa, the foursome met up once again. While Muraco and Fuji double-teamed the Dog, Ricky stayed obediently on the side-lines, futilely shouting encour-

The showdown between the teams of Steamboat-JYD versus Muraco-Fuji grew out of a years-old grudge between the two Hawaiian enemies—Steamboat and Muraco.





agement. But, then, it really didn't seem to matter. After all, the Dog is twice the wrestler that either Muraco or Fuji are. In a sudden burst of energy JYD broke free and made the tag.

Fans rose to their feet for the first time in the bout, the turning point came quick as The Dragon entered the fighting. Only moments after the tag Steamboat executed a near perfect flying-body press, but the text-book

Steamboat's devastating and unique combination of martial arts and high-flying antics has earned him the admiration of the fans and fear from opponents.

leap was cut short by Fuji who had once again rolled into the battle without benefit of tag.

Now, Steamboat was being double-teamed, but the Dog was not about to stand idly by. Usually a good clean fighter, the Dog, as he himself has said, is "not above getting down." And get down he did.

In the ensuing confusion all four grapplers mixed it up, but Muraco and Fuji were sorely out-classed, and soon out-wrestled. The only question that

Steamboat has proved himself a highly skilled wrestler and his background in martial arts came in useful against Fuji and Muraco.

remained to be answered was who was going to take the final count: Fuji or Muraco?

As it turned out, JYD managed to "Big Thump" Fuji once again, delivering that devastating head-butt to the large belly and rendering the old gentleman down for the count.

At each match, as the fans began to file out, there could be heard the mumblings of discontent. Indeed, fans go to arenas to watch opponents of comparable talent do battle under the glare of the hot lights. When a match is so brutally one-sided, as any loyal mat-fan will tell you, it has all the drama and excitement of day-old toast.

With these initial series of McMahan-scheduled matches over, both Steamboat and the Junk Yard Dog were entered into the First Annual WWF Wrestling Elimination Classic.

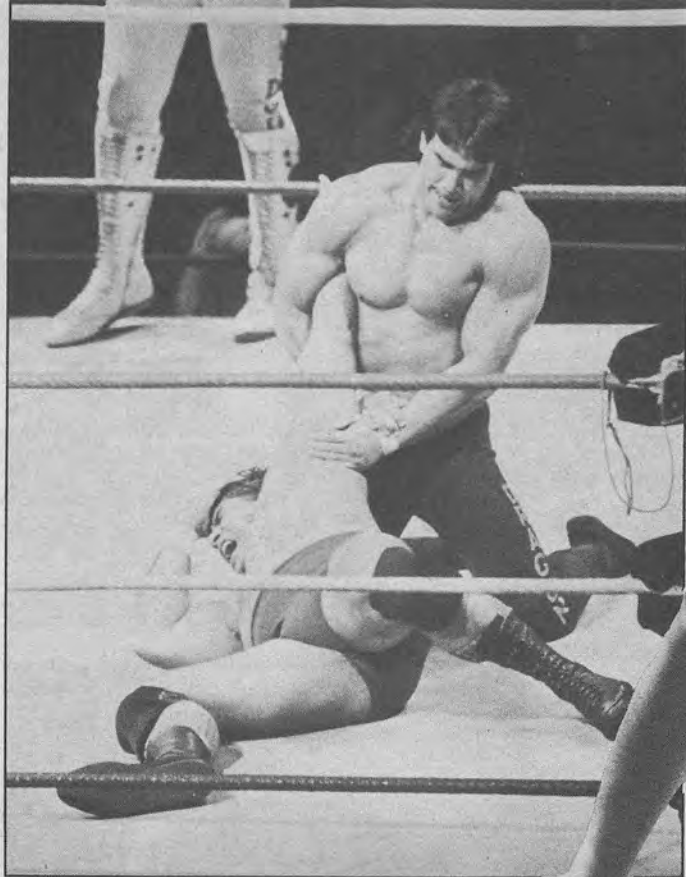
The match itself, an unimaginative take-off on the AWA's \$100,000 Battle Royal held in the Mid-West just months before, did give JYD and Steamboat a chance to show their stuff, individually against semi-worthy opponents. The contest was held at the Rosemont Horizon Arena in Chicago and drew



fans from far and wide. For the first time, perhaps since Wrestlemania, the fans who showed up were not disappointed with the card, or the wrestlers.

Savage Over Steamboat

JYD beat Moondog Spot and then mournfully watched his ex-tag team partner Steamboat loose to Savage. Savage, however, was aided in his victory by a foreign object, no doubt supplied by his beautiful manager, Elizabeth.



Later in the elimination, Savage beat the Dynamite Kid to win himself a place in the final bout against the Dog. It would turn out, for Savage anyway,

It didn't take long, however, for JYD to commit the buddha-like Fuji to the mat for the count with his famous finishing move, "The Big Thump."

much like winning a ticket on the Titanic.

Anyone present could not deny that the Dog was up for it. From the time he entered the arena from his dressing room, accompanied by his theme song, "Another One Bites the Dust," he seemed to glow with confidence and a new energy. Perhaps the Dog was pumped up because he felt he owed a debt to Macho Man for beating his former tag team partner, or perhaps he was up because he felt that he was going against a worthy opponent for the first time in weeks—months. And then again, maybe the prize money has something to do with it.

From the time that the two opponents entered the ring, Savage "Wrestlings #1 Free Agent" seemed a little cowed. During the first moments of that final big-money match Savage looked more than a little wary. Even with the lure of all that money and the insistent pleas from his demure man-

ager, the loud-mouthed grappler seemed committed to the strategy of jumping outside the ropes again and again as JYD chased him around the ring.

Finally, and with what seemed like great reluctance, Savage appeared to make a stand. Entering the ring, he took the Dog face to face, and for the first few moments it was difficult indeed to see who had the upper-hand.

And then, the Dog just seemed to out-wrestle the Macho Man pinning him quickly and cleanly. But, the match was not destined to be a simple one.

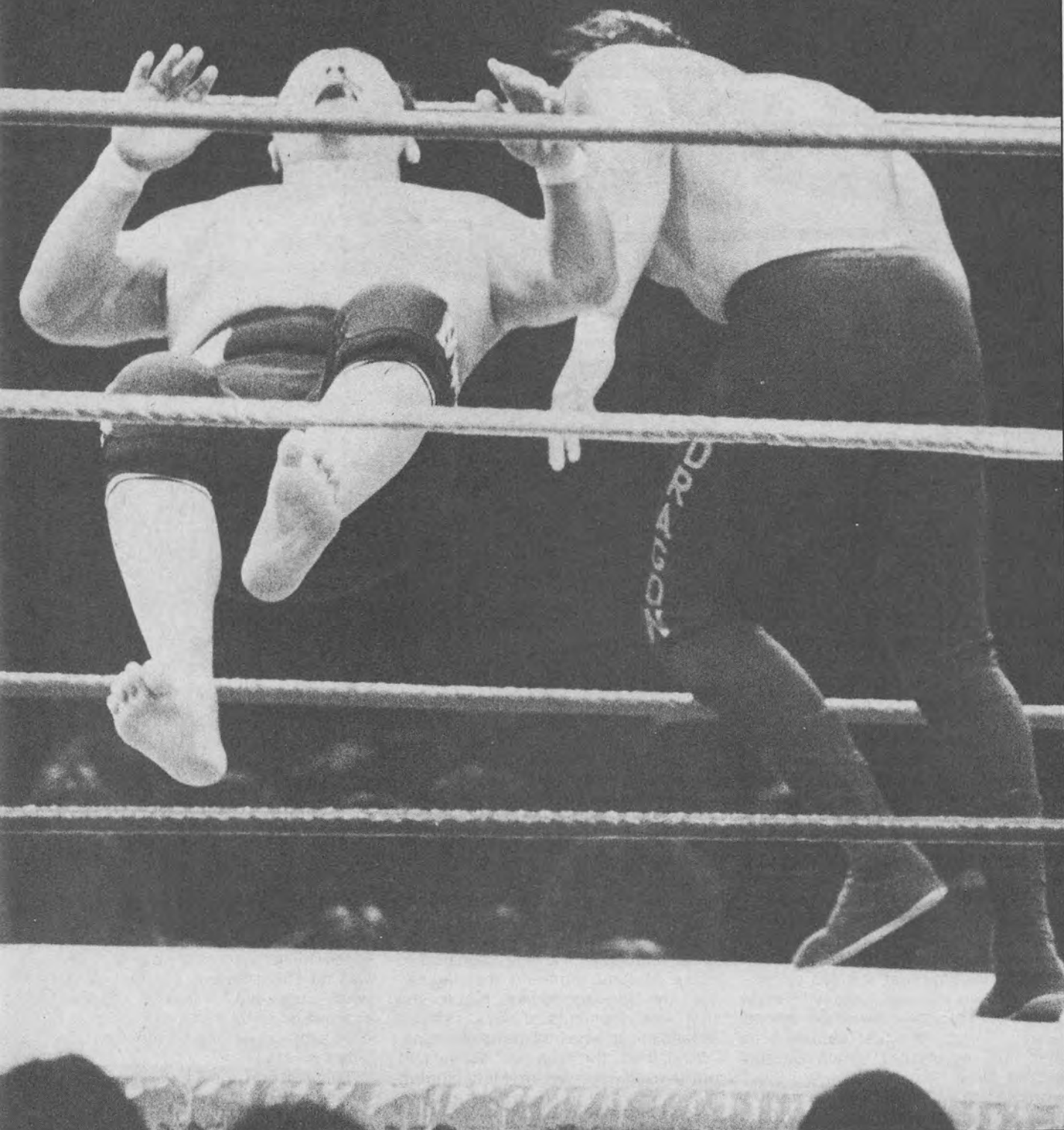
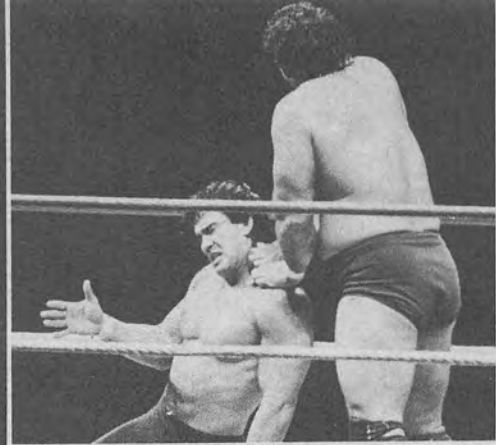


JYD's rough-and-tumble, no-hold-barred tactics match up well with Steamboat's speed and finesse and the two could have a run at the tag team title.

With that kind of money at stake, they never are simple or quick—or clean.

At the last possible moment the Macho Man kicked up from the Dog's pin and managed to somehow reverse the hold and throw the Dog over the ropes to the concrete floor below. It was then that Savage climbed, somewhat unsteadily, to the top rope and crashed down on the Dog, who was still only semi-conscious on the floor outside the ring.

To fans and media people alike it looked as if the Dog was finished. Even those closest to the scene were hard





Muraco tried to out-muscle Steamboat and used illegal tactics in an obvious attempt to injure his fellow wrestler from the Aloha state.

night after night waiting—hoping for a chance at bigger and better things—waiting for a title match or a match that will lead them to the title.

Hogan Challenge?

But, the real challengers never get a chance at Hogan's title. For just as the Dragon and the Dog are destined to fight opponents far beneath them—so is the Hulkster, it's what keeps *him* on top.

The McMahan attitude can be

As the Dog walked away with the title, wrestling insiders knew that they had seen a rare glimpse of what the former Greenbay Packer could really do, if only given the opportunity.

summed up in his golden boy, Hogan. When filming a recent TV show where the Hulk was to be a guest star, the champ got churlish at being delayed for over an hour on the set. "Damn! I'm used to earning my money in seven minutes," he complained as they went through another take on the scene.

Hey, Hulk, good buddy, try working nine to five!

With all things considered then, is it any wonder that in a recent edition of the McMahan-owned WWF Magazine, the following appeared:

"Titan Sports, Inc. has available a position for a full-time professional wrestlers (sic). The successful applicants will wrestle for Titan Sports, Inc. at various arenas in the United States and Aboard for the entertainment of audiences...salary \$52,000."

But, before you apply, just be sure to ask some of the current "employees" how they like their chances for advancement.

put to detect even the slightest signs of the Dog recovering in time.

In a moment after jumping down on this opponent, however, Savage had to jump back into the ring in order to stop the ref's count to disqualify him. Then, it was back to the top of the turnbuckle to once again crash down on his opponent. Fans of the Dog must have surely hurt that night. One of the most popular wrestlers in the WWF was being brutally manhandled by one of the most hated men in wrestling.

Again and again Savage plunged out of the ring to inflict punishment on the semi-conscious Dog, and then returned back between the ropes just in time to save himself from being disqualified. Elizabeth squealed with delight.

Then, when even Savage sensed that enough was enough, he hoisted the Dog up, and threw him back between the ropes. No doubt Macho Man had high hopes of an easy pin and could already taste victory and champagne.

But, miraculously, as soon as the Dog seemed to hit the canvas, he began to once again show signs of life.

These signs, dangerous potents to be sure, went wholly unnoticed by Macho Man, who by now was *disgustingly* cocky. Yet fans at ringside, and at the press table, could clearly see the Dog gathering himself. It was almost as if strength was flowing back into him. The Dog's muscles began to tense and bunch, as Savage, once again, climbed the turnbuckle to inflict yet another aerial assault.

Dog's Revenge

But this time it was different. This time it was very, very different. As Savage flew off the top rope, JYD turned and raised his fist powerfully upward, inflicting a clearly agonizing blow to Savage's mid-section. It was a blow that finished the bout and brought the Junk Yard Dog victory.

Pairing up with the Junkyard Dog has revitalized the career of Ricky Steamboat and look for the two to climb to the top of the WWF!

As the Dog walked away with the title, wrestling insiders knew that they had seen a rare glimpse of what the former Packer could really do, if only given the opportunity.

"It's a shame that they don't give him a shot at the title, a real shot," one melancholy fan noted over a beer following that eventful match.

Yes, indeed, it is a shame. But, as it looks now, the McMahan organization seems dead set on letting the Dog languish in the depths of the WWF, wrestling such racist blow-hards as Terry Funk.

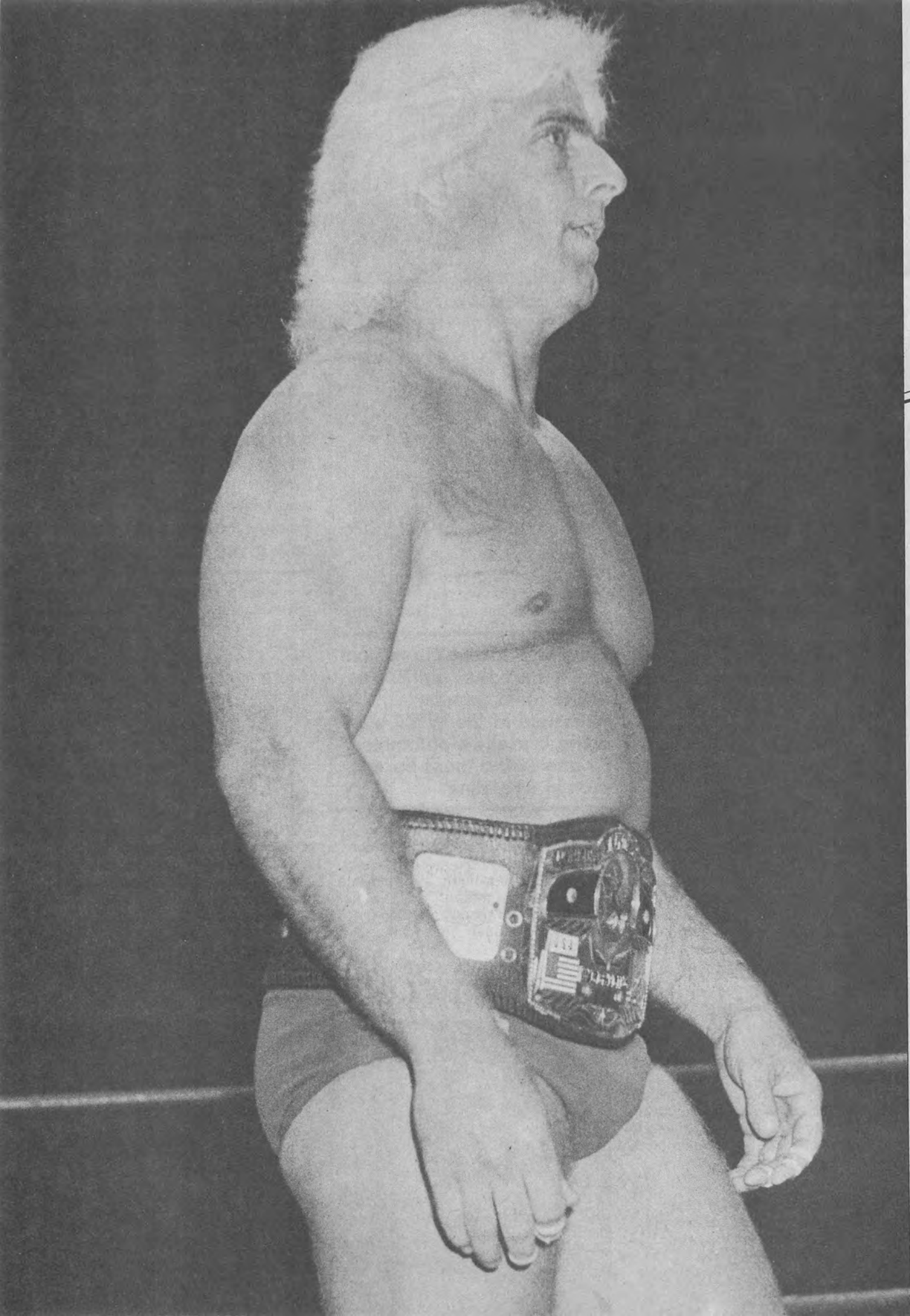
And what of Ricky Steamboat. The Dragon is training hard and it seems that the feud between him and Muraco is once again heating up. This time the

Fans of the Dog must have surely hurt that night. One of the most popular wrestlers in the WWF was being brutally manhandled by one of the most hated men in wrestling.

two are going it alone in Kung Fu matches, as well as traditional matches, with Mr. Fuji staying outside the ropes. But, as far as moving up the ranks into those lofty heights of WWF Super Stardom, even for such a skilled grappler as Steamboat, the chances are dim.

Steamboat and Dog are but two of the many wrestlers who are forced to labor in McMahan's squared-circle





THE WRESTLING

Night Life

A great night at Studio 54 celebrates NWA champ Ric Flair as man of the year, and introduces a new force-to-be-reckoned-with.

By Mighty Mike Kimmel

On a recent Friday evening, pro wrestling history was made as the mat sport successfully joined together with the equally flamboyant New York City nightclub scene, as embodied at the world famous Studio 54. Engineered by Paul Heyman of the Wrestling Press International, the evening proved an overwhelming promotional and marketing success, adding a bright new dimension to the existing "Rock and Wrestling Connection".

The night's scheduled highlights were twofold, namely the pro debut of the gargantuan Bam Bam Bigelow, as well as personal appearances by NWA world champion Ric Flair and former champ Dusty Rhodes. Attended by a whole host of pro wrestling journalists and photographers, and the typical turnaway crowd one might expect at Studio 54, the advertised events far exceeded all reasonable expectations of accomplishment.

The spacious dance floor, upon which countless celebrities and near celebs had twisted, twirled, and tangoed about through the years, was divided in two, with the back section mysteriously curtained off. At midnight, the curtain rose, revealing a full size professional wrestling ring and its sole inhabitant, a more than full size professional wrestler named Bam Bam Bigelow.

390 Pounds & More!

The mammoth Bigelow was set to oppose no less than 4 separate opponents, one at a time. Standing 6'3" tall and weighing in at a legitimate 390 pounds of unfettered fury, the recent graduate of Pretty Boy Larry Sharpe's New Jersey



Ric Flair receives "Man Of The Year" award while (above) Pretty Boy Larry Sharpe introduces Bam Bam Bigelow.

based pro wrestling training camp seemed more than equal to the Herculean task which lay before him.

With his shaven head (thoroughly tattooed, incredible as it may seem, with blue flames), massive bulk, and boisterous manner, the rookie Bigelow appeared to be cut from much the same cloth as the 1940's mat ace Tor Johnson (the Super Swedish Angel), as well as the present day WWF competitor King Kong Bundy. In addition, the prospect of going it solo against 4 hungry young wrestlers, back to back, was reminiscent of ex-heavyweight boxing champion George Foreman's somewhat difficult outing against 5 unranked young challengers back in 1975.





In any case, the 23 year old Bigelow, who modestly refers to himself as "the baddest dude in the world", seemed confident and completely relaxed. Possessing a third degree black belt in karate, a black belt in jiu-jitsu, and master's level expertise in both judo and kung-fu, the Cyclopean newcomer had apparently devoted the major portion of his life to unarmed physical combat of one form or another. Consider as well that Bigelow finished second in the world in arm wrestling at the tender young age of 19, and that he is currently capable of running the 100 yard dash in 11 seconds flat, despite his size and strength, and it should be obvious to an expert scouting eye that the big man could easily challenge for a major world title at some point in the near future, and that his 4 nightclub opponents would soon be tested to their very furthest limits.

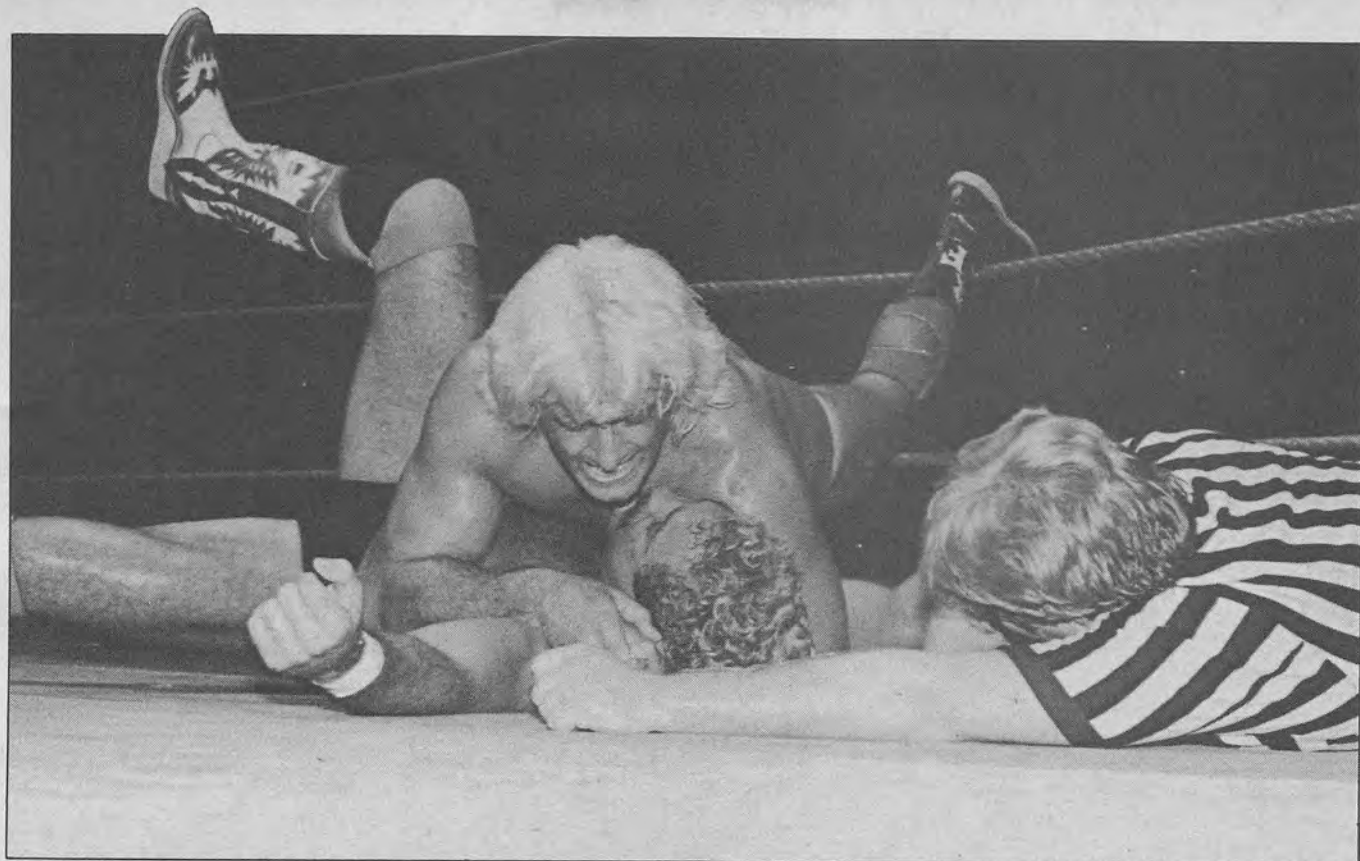
Managed By Larry Sharpe

Bigelow's mentor, the veteran Larry Sharpe, appeared at ringside to analyze his prize pupil's performance and provide encouragement. Referee Ted Petty, a former Golden Gloves boxing champion, ushered in wrestler Sailor Eddie Shore, and the contest was under way. The lanky Shore attempted to outdistance and outmaneuver Bigelow but soon proved alarmingly unable to pull together an effective offensive attack. Shore was able to remain in the ring and duel scientifically with the Asbury Park, New Jersey powerhouse for what seemed a respectable duration. Most in attendance agreed, however, that Bigelow was simply taking his time and warming himself up. Bam Bam soon tired of the game and sent Shore sailing out over the top ring rope to defeat.

The next man in was Jeff Grippley, a larger and more physically impressive competitor. Grippley was able to accomplish precious little, however, as he was instantly attacked by Bigelow, beaten senseless, and steamrolled over the top rope in under a minute.

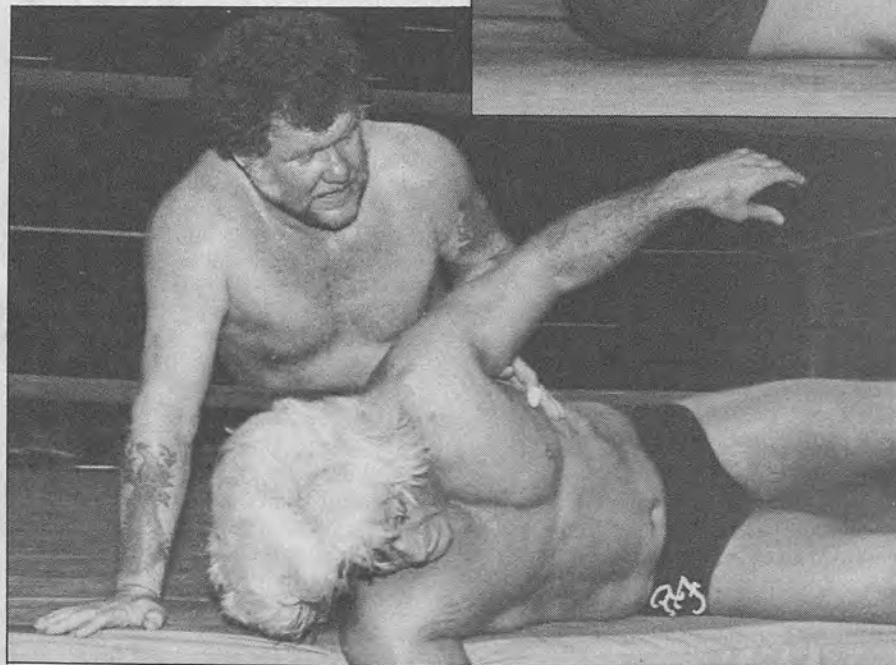
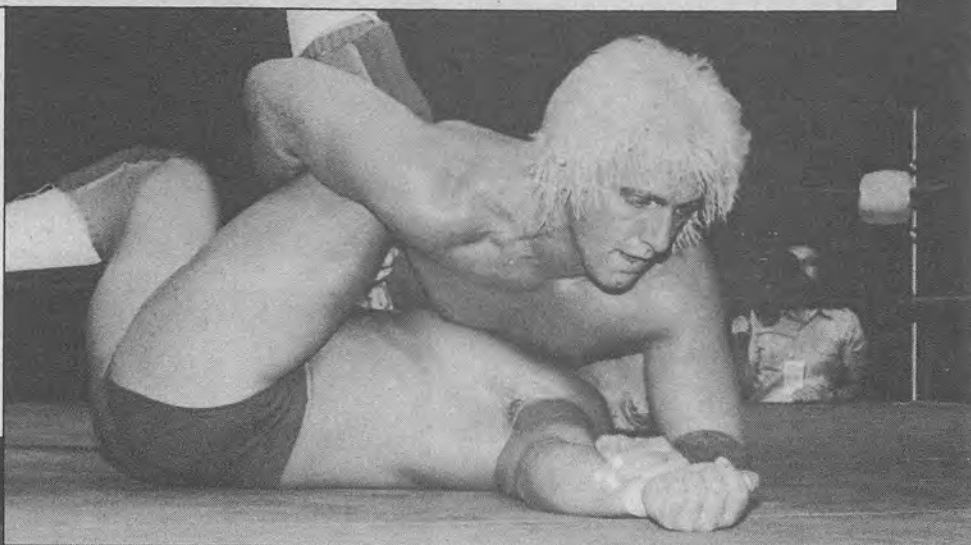
The third challenger was a 300 plus pound masked monster of a man calling himself "Skeletor". The powerfully muscled mystery man provided Bigelow with topnotch competition, never backing down for

Dusty Rhodes hams it up with the camera as tag team partner Magnum TA speaks to his New York fans.



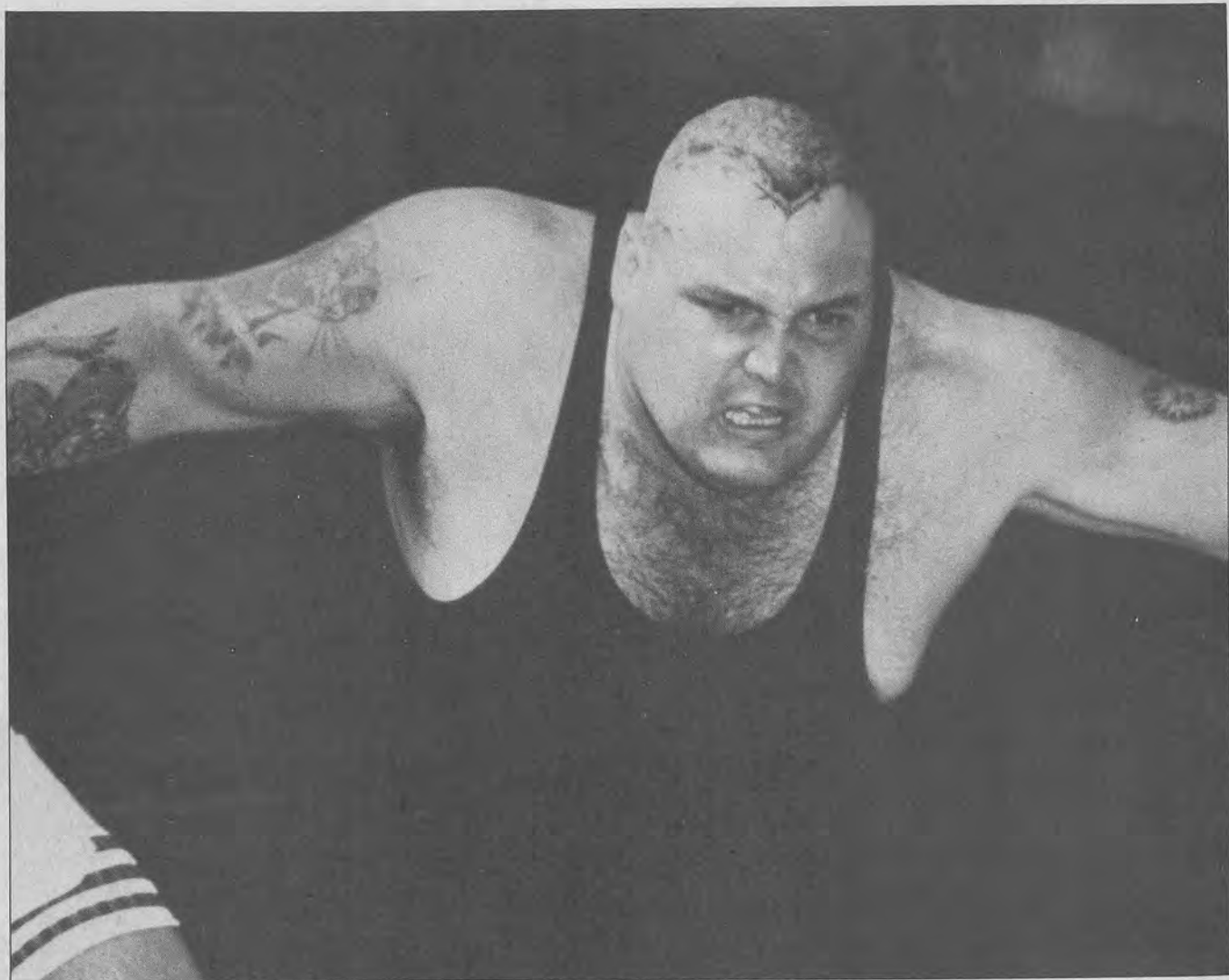
Ric Flair in action against former opponents, Magnum TA, Ricky Steamboat and Harley Race.

a moment, and struggling to the max to meet the tattoo-domed giant for power. But Bigelow pulled out all the stops and stunned the audience with a beautifully executed cartwheel and flying dropkick combination, finally sending the mighty Skeletor sprawling dangerously over the top rope. Once done, he brought the audience to its knees with a



charismatic, impromptu break-dancing exhibition.

Bam Bam's fourth and final adversary was the bald headed Tank Thompson, another large and rugged looking contestant. Thompson endeavored to meet Bigelow head to head, but proved just a bit too slow, and was unceremoniously dumped out of the ring in similar fashion to his 3 worthy predecessors. Bigelow had defeated 4 fine young wrestlers in rapid succession and next attempted to leap off the top rope and out of the ring upon Thompson, only to be restrained by Pretty Boy Larry Sharpe. It was quite evident from the evening's display that Bam Bam Bigelow has all the tools necessary to make it to the very top



rankings in either the WWF, NWA, or AWA territories, and is likely to give the mat sport's more established names very many sleepless nights in the process.

Man Of The Year

The curtain was then dropped, only to be raised once again at 2:00 AM. Paul Heyman, mastermind behind the evening's festivities, and one of wrestling's finest and most innovative journalist/photographers, stood in center ring to introduce one of the evening's featured guests, longtime NWA standout "the American Dream" Dusty Rhodes. Rhodes had brought a surprise guest, the extremely popular Magnum Terry Allen, along with him for the event and each man took a turn at the microphone to show his appreciation for the crowd's support, as well as to pay his respects to NWA world champion Ric Flair. While both Rhodes and Magnum have opposed Flair many times in the past, both men displayed their consummate professionalism in the cordiality with which they addressed the NWA



Bam Bam Bigelow in action (top) and one of unfortunate opponents, "The Skeletor", poses before his defeat by the 390-pound behemoth.

kingpin. What could have easily become an unpleasant display of ill will and continuing animosity on the part of each of these top 10 NWA superstars instead proved an inspiring exhibition of sportsmanship and professional respect.

Heyman must again, however, be commended for having the foresight to hire a number of special bodyguards for the evening, and for meticulously planning out the evening's schedule so as to keep Ric Flair at a comfortable distance from his 2 top challengers, thus avoiding any and all potential causes of friction.

To climax the evening, Flair was introduced and proudly presented with the first annual Wrestling Press International "Man of the Year" award for his contributions to the sport of professional wrestling. The award is dedicated to the memory of the Grand Wizard (1926-1983). Flair was warmly received and, aside from several derogatory comments he directed at the WWF, conducted himself like a gentleman and a very real credit to his chosen profession. Articulately, he expressed his pleasure in visiting New York, and thanked the crowd for its discerning judgement in recognizing and coming out to honor "a real man". In response, Studio 54 roared its heartfelt approval. New York City has always loved a winner. ●

AROUND THE MAT

(Continued from page 16)

give his boot to the boys in red so that he can get down to the more serious business at hand, meaning of course the taking of Hansen, 1-2-3...which our uncanny instinct tells us will indeed be the case.

Only then will everyone find happiness at last: The Association would have the Champ they wanted all along. Slaughter, if given a few days off, could rest up enough to realize that he's a World's title-holder—which is no less than the Sarge we remember deserves.—The fans would get a Champion who's at least equal to the name. And even the Russians would be given

Buck "Rock 'n' Roll" Zumhofe put down Steve Regal for the A.W.A. Junior Heavyweight Championship. Because The Rocker is topnotch, we wish him a long and healthy reign...but somewhere else.

David Sammartino is now more or less with the Association. And we can see it coming: Picking up where Papa

publicity is given to upcoming cards seem to conveniently and constantly forget that Ric Flair, The American Dream, and in fact some 85% of the big names filling out "A.W.A./USA" cards are members of the National Wrestling Alliance, which makes us wonder what's going on in Jim Crockett's mind.—Mr. Crockett, you really don't

Look for comebacks soon by Dusty Rhodes and Nick Bockwinkel.

The Road Warriors



something out of the deal in that they'd then be free to fritter back to the nation of borscht and bull they whine about so much.

Garvin-Regal

Meanwhile, "Gorgeous" Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal have lost their tag titles to the team of Kurt Hennig (Larry "The Ax"'s little boy) and Scott Hall which, in Garvin's case, is another stinko shame.—Undeniably a couple of cute kids with real potential—especially Hall—they both have a long way to grow before being big enough to hold titles of such magnitude. So much then for the belts worn in days of yore by such as Pat Patterson and Ray Stevens (all the way back when Stevens was something to see), The Road Warriors as well as Hennig Sr. and Harley Race.

left off, David will soon be taking the measure of Larry Zbyszko and Lucky-Boy Hansen...and the A.W.A. will have itself someone new to run into the ground.

Also around are Brad Rheingans, Larry Winters, Nick Bockwinkel, The Long Riders (Scott "Hogg" and "Wild" Bill Irwin) former pro-football luminaries Leon White and Greg Boyd, The Freebirds (Gordy, Hayes and Roberts), Jerry O, Jerry Blackwell, The Alaskans (Renslow and Wagner), Women's Champ Shari Martel and Candi Devine, Baron Von Rashke, Sheik Adnann El Kaissey's Barbarian and Stomper, Ray Stevens of course, and a remarkable young rookie by the name of Marty Jenetty.

What we've found exceedingly interesting is that, more and more, those in charge of the advertising segment of the promo's televised events where

need this, you know.

So it is that those in the Association continue to strain their straitjackets over one such "spectacular" they held in Chicago's White Sox Stadium—their own main stamping ground—back in the summer of last year, to which came more than twenty-thousand fans. Okay. Fine. But the thing is, to pull only this off—on, we repeat, their home turf—they still very much needed all the help Crockett and company could supply... something which nobody bothers to mention.

While it isn't nice to tinkle on anyone's parade, the truth is that McMahon not only sells out Madison Square Garden and usually needs the Felt Forum to handle the overflow, but he does it without assistance from any other organization...EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR. Then, for an encore, the Federation hits at least a dozen other huge arenas all over the place and packs these to the rafters as well. And the N.W.A. does the very same thing in their biggest arenas.

What are we talking about here?

As for the Association's great push into the Northeast...

If you're a late-night-tv addict, you've seen at least one of those brave, little 1930's musicals.—The kind where everybody is so sweet.—About midway through the thing the zaniest member of the zany Our-Gang-type cast can always be counted upon to let loose with the standard battle-cry of

"Hey, girls and boys, let's put on a show!"

...Pro USA is run along a similar philosophy: just a bunch of irrepressibly madcap kids, orthopedic shoes and trusses aside, who are out to teach them city-slickers what real rasslin's all about.

And the general idea couldn't be better: After all, the folks north of ol' Dixie have inalienable rights too and want a chance to choose their brand of wrestling just like everybody else.

But the trouble is that, unlike Alfalfa and the rest of the vintage-movie-crew, not everyone in the A.W.A. is that all sweet or well-meaning.

In fact, those damn Yankees soon had cause to feel that the Association disliked their states and positively despised the inhabitants.

When the promotion first hit the tube in the company of its theme song—a toe-tapping little ditty bearing the dubious title of "I Want A New Drug"—viewers immediately took this up as the zinger it was meant to be.

Fans who hoped Pro USA's arrival meant a return to neighborhood shows were also given a rear-end to kiss. Gagne and his buddies opt instead to offer a single-night-deal about every two months in New Jersey's Meadowlands. And the crushing cost of renting out this dinosaur he casually passes along to the spectators by way of tickets that start at fifteen bucks a pop and go up to twenty-five. Amazing.

So let those on-high within the A.W.A.-USA tandem mouth the words and insist as much as they want that their true interest is in winning Federation fans over to their side in this promotional star wars.—By their deeds, we know better.—They've not only done zilch to please the people but, to the contrary, the message they keep sending says something else entirely... namely: "We don't like you people. We don't care what you want. Because this is a tax write-off, whether you like us or you do not is irrelevant. We are in your arena for one reason and one reason only: To razz McMahon." And that's the word being received by the fans. Loud and clear.

The purpose of this kind of magazine is to spark interest in our sport. But, surely, giving the thumbs-up to so low a con game would hardly be in the best interests of wrestling. But high above even our loyalty to the profession is our primary allegiance to you, the reader, who buys our books and just so happens to pay the bills around here.

For this mob to therefore think that we could find it in either our ethics or our hearts to urge any one of you to shell out twenty-five dollars, or even twenty-five cents, for the pleasure of being victimized by this childish

vicious fraud, they must all be standing on a street corner somewhere in Minnesota, playing with their earlobes.

So it goes with the A.W.A..

NWA REPORT

The National Wrestling Alliance (N.W.A.): Aside from such minor matters as them choosing their "friends" less than wisely and we not being able to find them on our tv's nearly as often as we'd like, the N.W.A. is a treasure.

Extremely active in areas that extend from Oregon to Florida, The Caribbean Japan, and lately back up into Canada, this promo is pure state of the art.

Even their television shows, when you can find them, are more than worth the hunt. While these aired spectacles are supposed to act as merely teasers that leave the audience wanting more, it's as though, try as they might, the N.W.A. just can't help giving its all, and so often viewers get to see real matchups between top talent right on their home screens.

Ric Flair Vs The World

Doing extremely proud the title he holds is the Alliance's World's Heavyweight Champion Ric Flair.



Keeping his crown despite recent and rough challenges coming from the corners of Nikita Koloff, Butch Reed and Magnum Terry Allen, Nature Boy is further embroiled in a bloody war of the ages with The American Dream Dusty Rhodes.

Tag Champs Rick Morton and Rob Gibson of The Rock 'n' Roll Express are holding their titles tight against a storm of assaults coming at them from all sides. In hot contention are The Road Warriors Animal and Hawk, Jim Cornett's Midnight Express twosome of Beautiful Bobby and Loverboy Dennis, Ole and Arn Anderson's Minnesota Wrecking Crew, plus the newly-formed and doubly outrageous duo of Jimmy Valiant and "Ragin' Bull" Manny Hernandez.

Those ever-present Kremlinites Ivan and Nikita Koloff and The Krusher

(Krushchev) do the honors with the six-man-tag title.

In response to almost constant inquiries regarding Gordon Solie, who has to be the most beloved man in the sport, we took a quick trip to Florida. We are happy to report that Gordon is very much alive, extremely well and regularly presenting his super brand of wrestling not only all over the sunshine state but into the Bahamas as well.

Kendall Windham now holds Florida's Heavyweight title which he took from Jack "The Stretcher" Hart, and the two have since been engaged in face-offs boiled in blood. Also putting buds on this keenly sought after belt are The Purple Haze, "Bully" Tully Blanchard, Kevin Sullivan, Bob Roop, The Cuban Assassin, and explosive new-comer Joe Savoldi.

Their Southern Champ is Lex Luger who, managed by Hiro Matsuda, downed the indestructible Wahoo McDaniel and is now being challenged by Barry Windham, the brothers Guerro, Carlos Colon, Mike Graham, B.J. Mulligan, and Frank Lane.

The Haitian Sensation Tyree Pride toppled Playboy Buddy Rose for the Bahamas title. Pride really is so sensational that folks are saying he eventually may equal or even surpass Bobo Brazil who, in his day, was the greatest black grappler of all times.

The females very much in on the festivities are Lady Maxine, manager Percy Pringle's little sister Peggy Lee and The Angel.

Exquisite!

This—not only what goes down on Gordon's end of the beach, but the entire N.W.A.—is what we call a real promotion. Because Mr. Crockett does a dazzling job of keeping his areas in apple-pie-order, he's always ready for unexpected company... and need have no fear of McMahon's or any other organization that might come calling.

WWF REPORT

The World Wrestling Federation (W.W.F./Titan Sports): As the free-enterprise system is a cornerstone of our democracy, competition is the spirit that keeps things rolling along at highest performance levels, with each company doing its damndest to build the best mousetrap or present the most incredible wrestling the world has ever seen. It is also what lights a fire under certain lazy backsides which have grown fat off the thought that, because theirs is the only show in town, they don't have to try hard... in fact, needn't try at all.

Yet, still there are those who carry on as if bringing a prize product into places outside of one's backyard vio-

lates The Ten Commandments.—Yeah, sure: Right next to where it says "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" is also written with invisible ink, "Thou must butt-out of thy fellow promoters territories".—Nonsense.

So, aside from standing up and being counted as citizens who seek to protect and preserve our American way of life, what we also hope to here accomplish is to advise all concerned parties that they can now rest easy: Because we do know Mrs. McMahon, we can say with a degree of certainty that when Vince takes his show on the road and into territories that supposedly "belong" to others, he's doing so only to let the people in these places see for themselves what W.W.F. wrestling is all about...and not because he's looking to make love to any of them.

The free-enterprise system works only because we freedom-loving Americans want it to work.

To promoters everywhere the fans are now sending out a message of their own: "If you can't stand the heat of a little healthy competition, brother, you don't belong in the sport in the first place."

So it is in so many instances that Titan came, the people saw and, by popular demand, the federation won itself, fair and square, loads of new areas all over the globe.

Though as charismatic as they come and with a bod on him that never stops, the Federation's Champ, Hulk Hogan, truth to tell, is not much of a wrestler.

Of course, considering his startling size and tremendous strength, he doesn't have to be. The proof of that is seen in where he is and how long he's stayed.

But, if only to win himself a few more fans—among the die-hard wrestling purists in our midst, we do wish The Hulkster would really go for it all and learn a little something of those time-honored and wonderful maneuvers that make our sport unique.

All the same, Hogan has lately been involved in some reasonably respectable bouts with Hercules Hernandez, King Kong Bundy, Terry Funk, and Big John Studd.

However, because everything does seek its own level, with Greg "The Hammer" Valentine and Brutus Beefcake bearing the tag belts, the very best action to be had is in the team-ups, old and new, making their way into W.W.F. rings. On hand are Capt. Lou Albano's British Bulldogs, The Mouth Of The South's Hart Foundation, Ricky Steamboat/King Tonga, Blassie and TheBrain's combination of Nikolai Volkoff/The Sheik, Big John Studd/King Kong Bundy, Hillbilly Jim/Uncle Elmer, The Killer Bees, Tito Santana/Pedro Morales, Muraco/Fuji, Dory Funk Jr. and Terry, Lanny Poffo/Danny

King Kong Bundy is pressing Hulk Hogan.



Spivey, Bobby Parliament/Mike Sundance, Cpl. Kirschner/Ted Arcidi, A.J. Petrucci/Mario Mancini, S.D. Jones/Tony Atlas, Afi Siva/Jimmy Powers, and so many others.

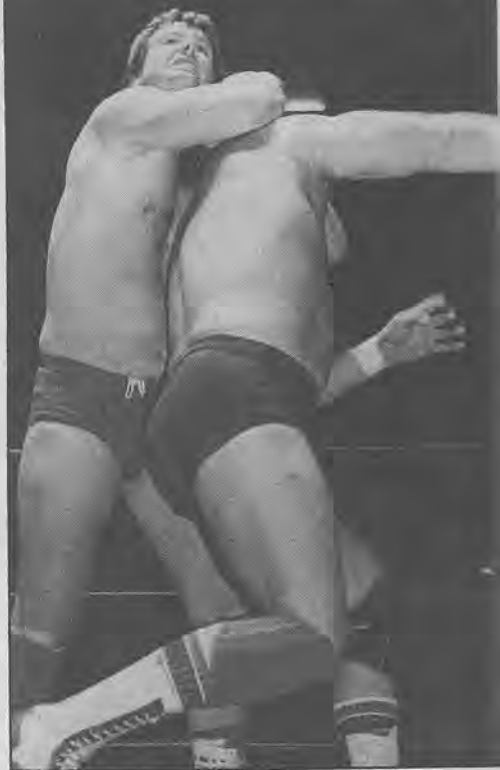
Whether in teams or on their own, the above are but a fraction of the incredible talent being regularly seen at this A+ promotion.

Randy Savage finally toppled Tito Santana for Titan's Inter-Continental belt in a match that would have been a classic, except for the foreign object Savage apparently needed to do in Tito.

By the way—and just between us—do you really think Randy's love slave Miss Elizabeth has recently taken to wearing over-sized glasses and plastering herself with heavy make-up only because of a sudden desire to travel incognito? Or, in fact, is a far more sinister note being sounded?: Could it be that these are sad attempts to hide from her friends all the bruises and black eyes that give evidence of frequent batterings? If so, who do you think would be cowardly enough to beat up on this bird-like little creature? ...Certainly not a super-jock who calls himself "Macho Man". (Wanna bet?)... If you happen to run into George "The Animal" Steele, please read this to him. (But read it very slowly so he'll understand.)

Moolah is the Women's Champion. However, if she looks over her shoulder she might note that Judy Martin, the undisputed Mistress Of Mean Tricks, is hungrily eying the belt. On the subject of real-McCoy-wrestling, there are few who are up to licking this witch's cloven feet, and it may very well be that Martin is the one little lady capable of finally keeping Moolah down for the big count.

The saying now goes "For every light around Madison Square Garden, there's a broken heart." "Adorable" Adrian Adonis's sudden emergence from the closet has devastated his many former lady-friends.



No matter how good a grappler Roddy Piper might be—and he is way above average—those in-ring performances could never begin to approach the brilliance he achieves in front of a microphone. On the other hand, we are very glad to see Bob Orton again within the ropes. But the boxing gloves must go. Boxing may be okay for some, but Cowboy Bob is too fine a wrestler to deep-six all his skill in favor of the old 1-2-punch. His superplex alone...

So stands the house McMahon built.

Once a sideshow of freaks, put on for assumed geeks, and pro-sports favorite inside joke, wrestling is now respected and revered the earth-over.

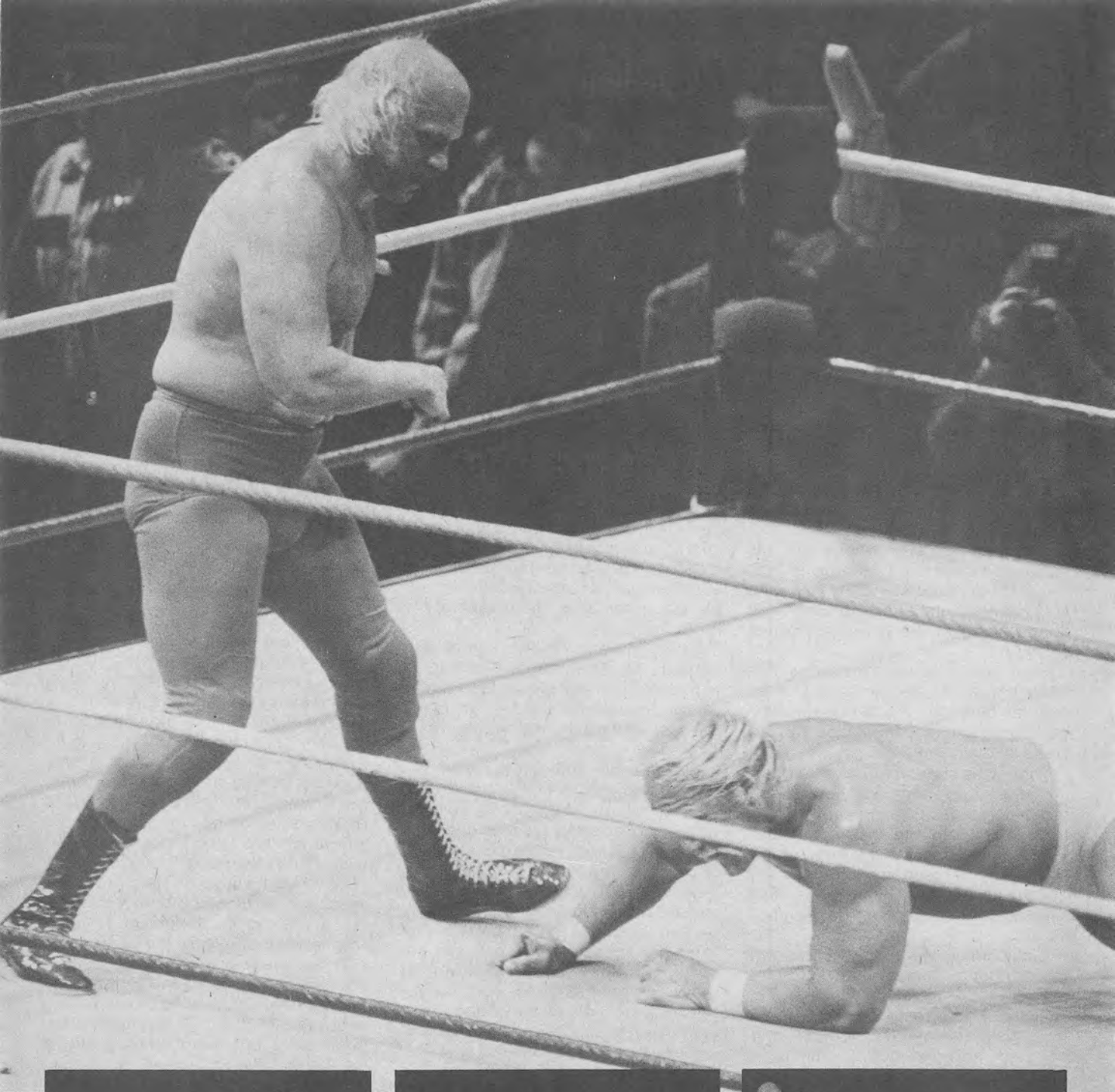
This brave new world—the wrestling you are privileged to see today—was lifted all the way up to its present place of honor by first Jim Crockett and then, much later but more lavishly, Vince McMahon.

And for this, rather than nit-picking criticisms and sour grapes, both deserve our earnest thanks.

Jimmy Snuka

Over the past month we've heard from so many fans who want to let Jimmy Snuka know that, although it's now nearly a year since he's appeared in mainland arenas, The Superfly is still dearly remembered and so deeply missed.

To you, fabulous Superfly...gentle spirit...beautiful person...go bunches of the most wonderful wishes and hopes that come straight from the bottom of all our hearts that you'll soon be back among those who will never forget you.



Everybody that's anybody is the WWF has taken a shot at Hulk Hogan. (top) Jesse Ventura stands over "The Hulkster" during one of their recent battles. (above) Roddy Piper, (1-r) John Studd, Randy Savage and Greg Valentine.

WWF!

Glory Days Are Gone

Has wrestling's biggest promoter killed the goose that laid the golden egg?

By Jeff Jarrod

The chinks in the armor are beginning to show, and the vast, mass appeal that the World Wrestling Federation (Titan Sports) has held on the American public for the past two years is waning.

Consider: The cartoon show, "Hulk Hogan's Rock-n-Wrestling" (CBS-TV) is being wiped out by the long-running NBC show, "The Smurfs."

Consider: Hogan himself is battling a knee injury. Hogan injured the knee early in 1985 and may need an operation.

Consider: Wrestlemania was a success, but the Pay-per-View Chicago show on November 7, 1985 was not. The cable television market is not accepting the pay per view idea and the plans for a monthly pay per view show have been shelved for the time being.

Consider: With competition from the AWA and NWA on the television airwaves, wrestling ratings are down.

Consider: Vince McMahon and Titan Sports are messing with a 40-year-old formula, throwing new wrinkles into the formula that produces too many Hogan vs. Piper or Orton vs. Orndorff showdowns.

"The cartoon show is really terrible," says someone very familiar with Titan's operations. "It really shows the characters as stupid individuals and it takes something away from wrestlers who perform. Anyway, the ratings are terrible and I don't know if CBS will put it on again next year."

Cartoon or not, Hulk Hogan's presence is definitely needed in the WWF. Hogan's knee is in need of repairs and will always give him problems, which in turn can mean problems for the WWF.

"So much of the marketing of the WWF is wrapped around Hulk," says the source. "The dolls, the posters, t-shirts, everything. They really need him as a selling point and a sales tool."

"I really think he is going to be champion as long as he wants, like I said they need him."

Curiously, everything except for the cartoon that the Hulkster has done has been gold. Hulkster has been on the cover of Sports Illustrated, on the Tonight show, on various TV commercials and has become a folk hero in the Rambo tradition. Ironically, the two biggest of the WWF's related failures,



Cartoon or not, Hulk Hogan's presence is definitely needed in the WWF. Hogan's knee is in need of repairs and will always give him problems, which can in turn mean problems for the WWF.





Jesse "The Body" threatened to take the WWF Heavyweight belt from Hogan as well as the title to "Muscle Beach", an unofficial crown coveted by both these California grapplers.

the Cyndi Lauper *Goonies Part One* and *Part Two* videos did not feature Hulk and died. The *Wrestlers* album has become something of a novelty, but is not the big seller that was envisioned. Hulk is not part of the record, although his theme song is part of it.

But, the Hulkster's likeness was the number one selling Halloween costume. And, Hogan was one of *People Magazine's* top 25 individuals of 1985.

"The licensing people are worried about the cartoon, the cartoon is supposed to sell the dolls, t-shirts, etc.," reveals the source. "But the cartoon is not doing well. The licensing people tell the WWF powers that they have to promote the cartoon, because the licensing is soft. Now you see highlights of the cartoon on the weekly shows.

"You also see other promotions in the show. They are always selling

something. Like the Pay-per-View show. They gave away a Rolls-Royce as a hook to get people to pay \$12 for the show. But not too many people went for it, and it was the same show as before basically. It came down to Piper and Hogan."

It probably is unfair to blame McMahon and the WWF for the apparent pay-per-view failure. Not much has been successful in the fledgling industry and cable television promoters are

trying to figure out how to make their venture profitable.

The WWF plans other pay-per-view shows, but there is no definite date scheduled for the next show.

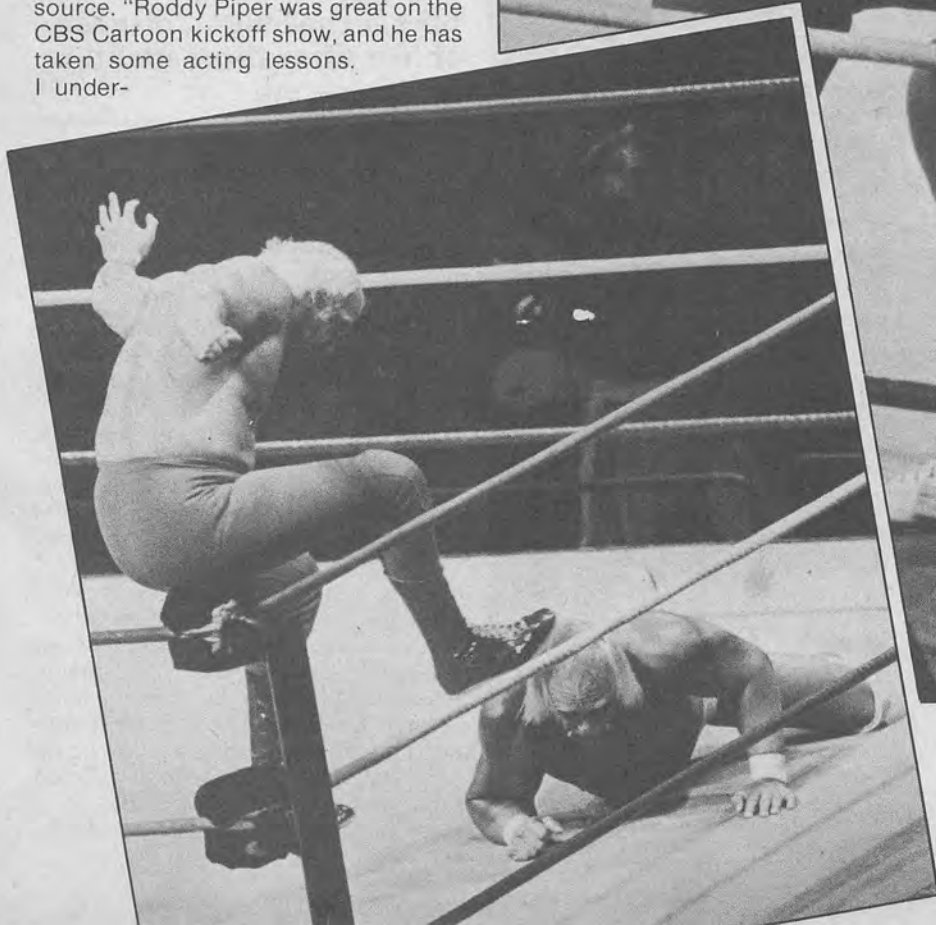
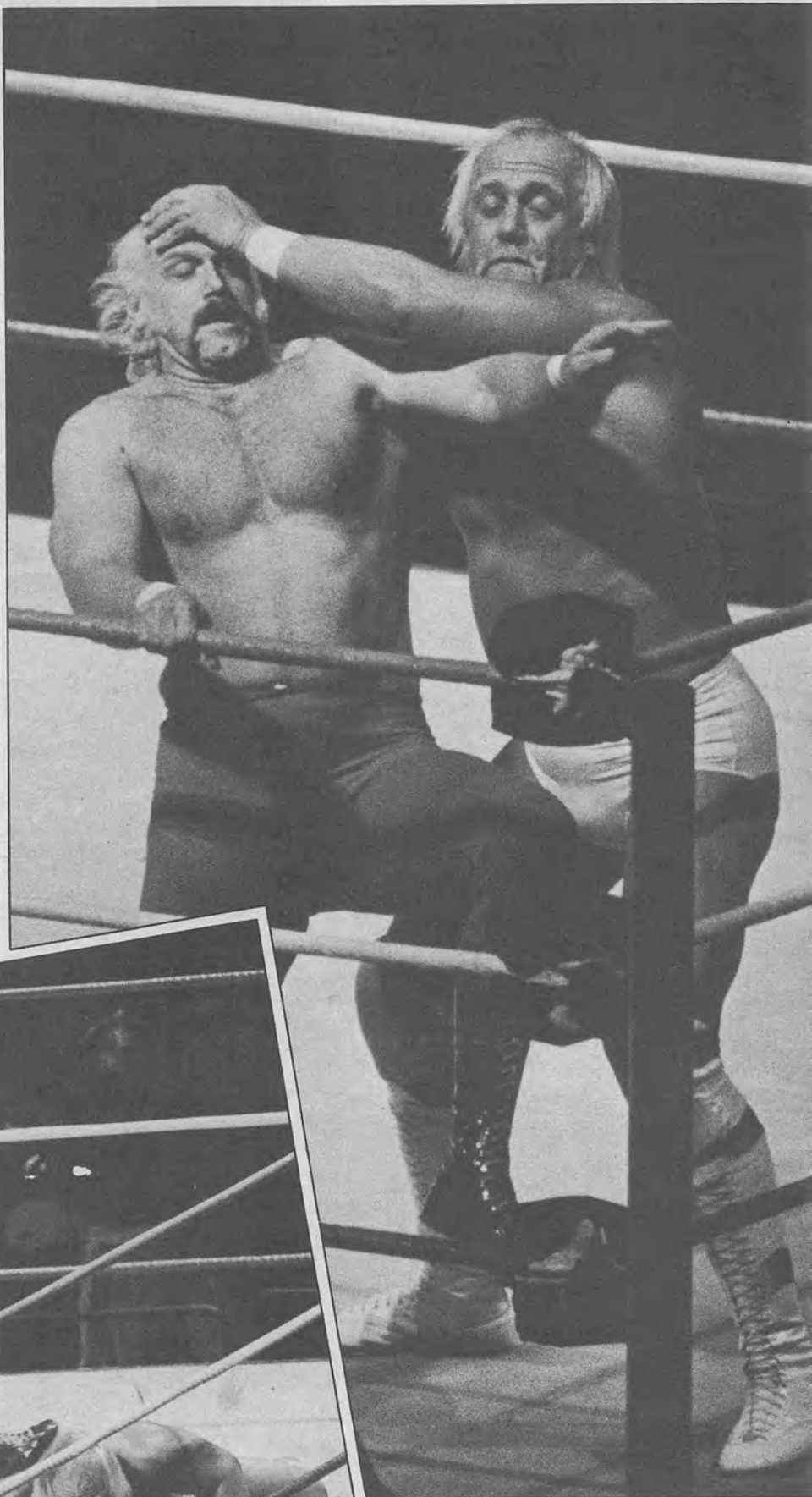
"I think they could eliminate most of their television shows, and people will not miss them," says the source. "TNT does real well. That's on prime time on Fridays and it's solid. The rest? Well, there is so much competition from the AWA on ESPN and the NWA. Incidentally, I think the AWA show on ESPN is garbage, they should put some money into it. It just isn't very good. If they put together something good, they could challenge the WWF."

"The cartoon is a joke. You know, there really is too much wrestling on TV. Most of the WWF shows are repeats anyway."

The NWA, and Championship Wrestling from Florida has taken Barry Windham, and the Missing Link has taken a hike. But that is not the WWF's

But the Hulkster's likeness was the number one selling Halloween costume. And, Hogan was one of People magazine's top 25 Americans.

main problem with keeping their players in the fold. Hollywood is calling. "Yes, you can say that," says the source. "Roddy Piper was great on the CBS Cartoon kickoff show, and he has taken some acting lessons. I under-



Ventura broke every rule in the book in his bouts with Hogan and it is thought that some of his illegal antics may have led to the Hulkster's present injury problems.

stand he has met with Steven Spielberg and people at NBC about his future. He is a real talent and I think you are going to see him leaving wrestling in the very near future.

"Besides, I think Roddy has had enough. He can not go out in public to eat or get a drink because people go after him. He could not go out and help promote Wrestlemania because of that.

"Don Murraco is also taking acting lessons. He and the Hulkster did a soap opera together. Of course, Hulk has been in Rocky III, the Love Boat and other things. So, it's a real possibility that Hollywood is ready to take some of the wrestlers."

The wrestling formula has been tampered with. In the old days, a champion would take on a challenger, dispose of him after three months and



move on. Today, Roddy Piper and Hulk Hogan have been carrying on the feud for two years. "The WWF went for an upscale audience, an audience that is not used to wrestling formulas. The new audience thinks that wrestlemania spectacles are normal. The Mr. T's,

The wrestling formula has been tampered with. In the old days, a champion would take a challenger, dispose of him after three months and move on.

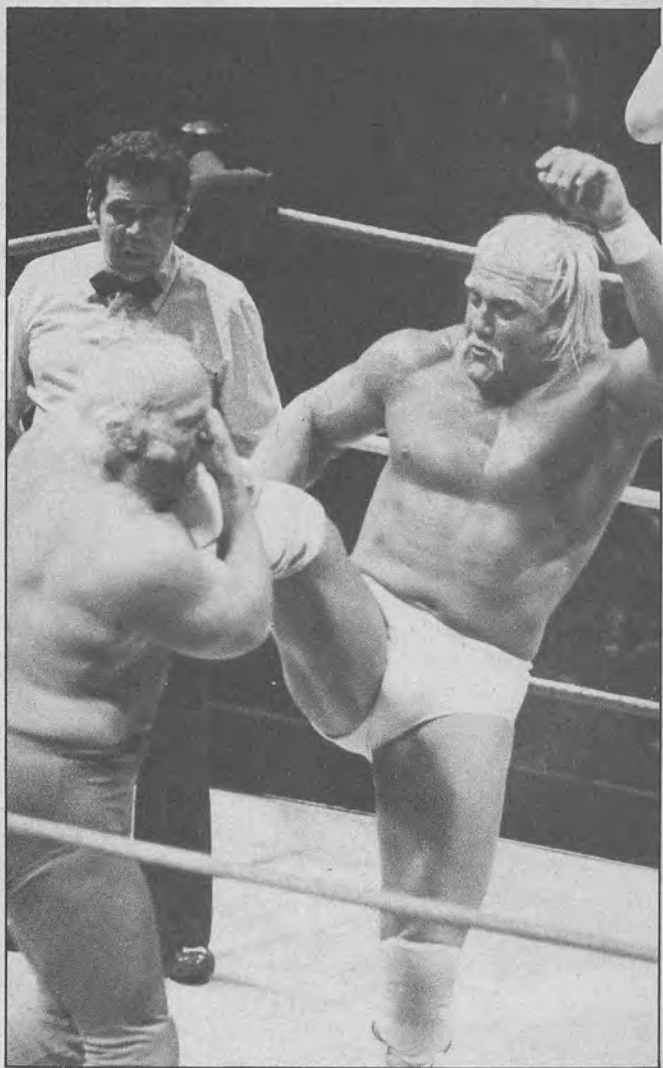
Liberaces, Billy Martins and Ali's. But that is not what attracted people to wrestling for years. Wrestling has survived as a low-keyed production. The new audience, or the Yuppies, have not proven any loyalty to anything.

"Today," the source continues, "today they are loyal. But that does not mean that will be the case six months from now. I don't think the Yuppies are going to accept wrestling for what it is, and you know that the WWF can not get any more exposure than it has the past two years. The Yuppies want more, and the WWF has given everything they could. There is nothing bigger."

If you are looking for other cracks in the WWF lining, their *Wrestlers* album was panned by the very influential New York-area station WHTZ. "The station labeled the album as garbage, and warned Cyndi Lauper that she better have something good as a follow up (in her next album) because the David Wolf/Lauper team did not deliver a good product in the *Wrestlers* album.



In the end, Hulk Hogan prevailed over Jesse "The Body" Ventura, but their struggles has taken its toll from Hogan and the Champ's health is said to be in danger.

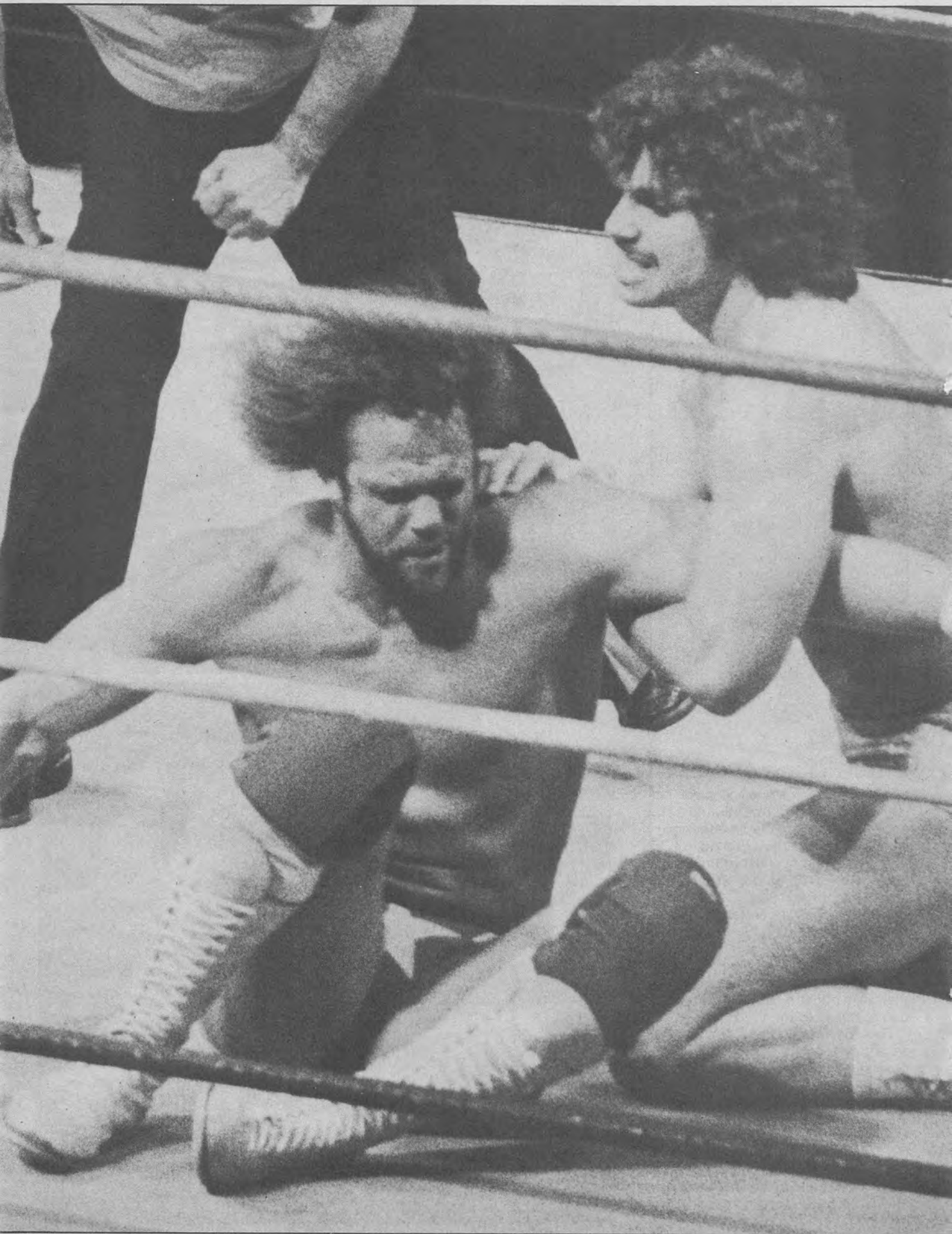


Lauper's career seems to have fallen somewhat since her continued association with the wrestlers. Although she was sick during the summer of 1985 and out of action, still the Goonies died on record charts before she was sick," says the source.

NBC-TV has been sitting on the fence on continuing Saturday Night's Main Event. The one and one half hour show has had "respectable" ratings, better than Saturday Night Live. But, there is a question about the network's commitment to the WWF.

"But don't feel bad for the WWF," says the source. "Madison Square Garden still sells out, the wrestlers are getting paid more money than they know what to do with. They are beating the AWA and NWA in television, in video sales, and more importantly, in the arenas. McMahon is still on top and will be for a while. But their day is going to end soon. They have overdone it, television, pay-television and they have overexposed themselves."





RANDY SAVAGE VS. LANNY POFFO: —THE— **CANE AND ABEL OF WRESTLING**

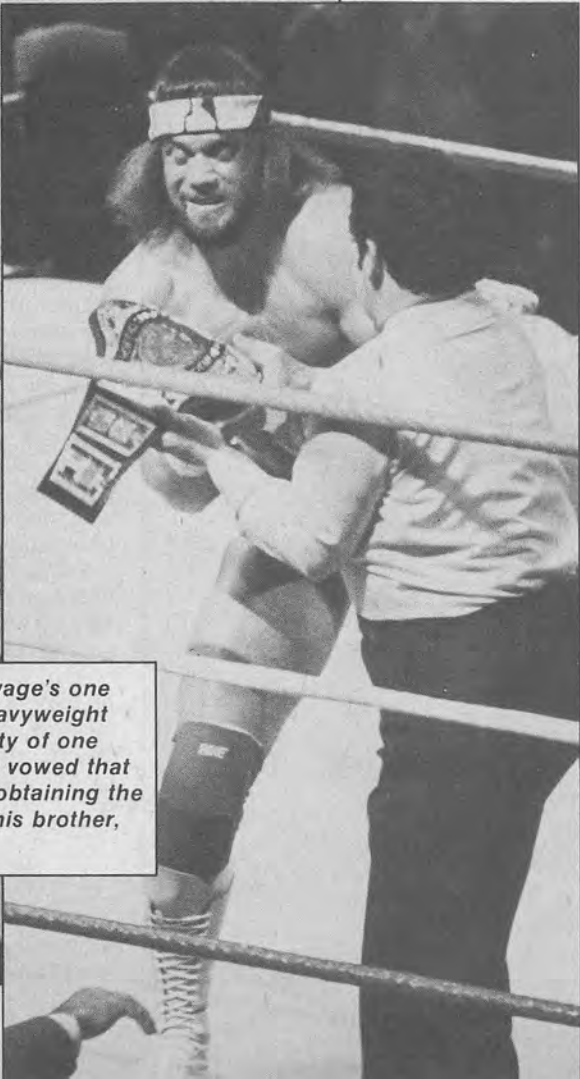
These two brothers are as different as good and evil and have battled each other on numerous occasions. Can their emerging feud be settled without the blood of betrayal?

By Henry Schlesinger

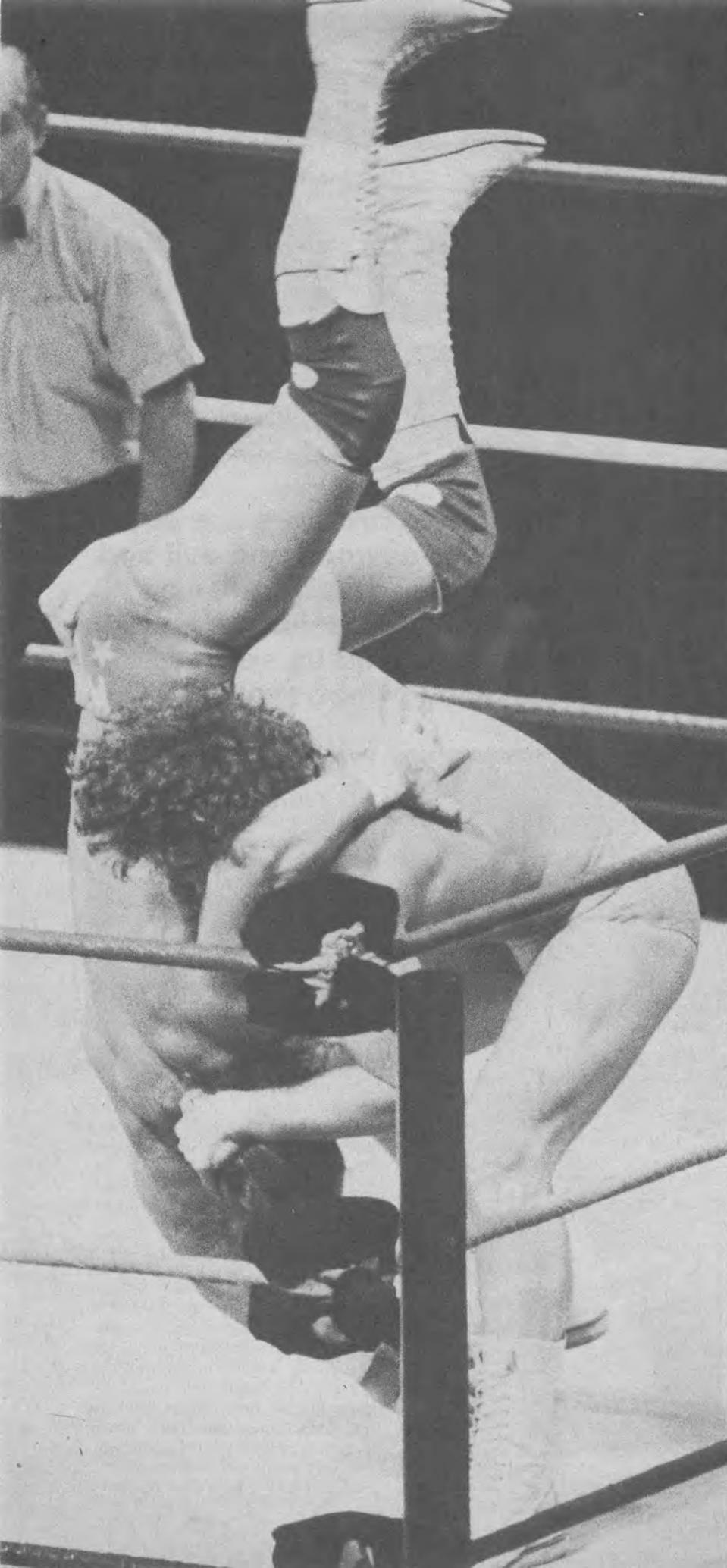
It's a story as old as Cane and Abel. One brother is good while the other has a soul as soiled as a bag of last week's laundry. Thus, you could describe two of the most dissimilar wrestlers in the sport today—Randy "Macho Man" Savage and Leapin' Lanny Poffo.

While Randy Savage parades and capers around the squared circle in his sequined robes spouting his outrageous claims, his brother Lanny works quietly perfecting a scientific, if not pristine, wrestling style. Today, both wrestle under the somewhat flaccid banner of Vince McMahon's super-hype organization. It is a grim and telling testimony to the moral fiber of the WWF that the acknowledged "evil" of the two brothers has advanced further in the organization.

Today Leapin' Lanny is sentenced under contract to toil away in the lower depths of the WWF, defeating a seemingly endless line of WWF second-raters, while his brother Randy is considered by many to actually be a serious contender for the championship. One can only speculate on how Randy, with his uneven, unpredictable and downright dirty wrestling style can hope to relieve the beloved, be-muscled Hulkster of the belt. But, as you can



"Macho Man" Randy Savage's one ambition is the WWF Heavyweight belt currently the property of one Hulk Hogan. Savage has vowed that nothing will prevent his obtaining the belt, and especially not his brother, Lanny Poffo.



guess, it wouldn't be by any fair means.

Legacy Of Hate

Yet, along with his beautiful manager Elizabeth, Savage has managed to climb quickly through the ranks of the WWF and continues to get the big matches that will not only elevate his career, but garner him the most possible media exposure. However, this is nothing new. Savage has always been a media-wise kinda guy, with a 24k gold plated heart of lead. He changed his name from Poffo to Savage in order to avoid his father's (one of the vilest of the mat denizens) legacy of hate. Savage was careful, at least in the beginning of his career, to keep his real identity secret out of fear of his father's past enemies, but this change of identity did not change the bad blood in his veins.

Lanny, on the other hand, exhibited no such fear at his name. Keeping the Poffo name, Lanny made

Lanny seems to have genuinely overcome his past. Born on the wrong side of the grappling tracks, he may still emerge as a true champ.

his own reputation in the mat world. Adopting a strictly scientific style with a high-flying accent, Leapin' Lanny has won many supporters.

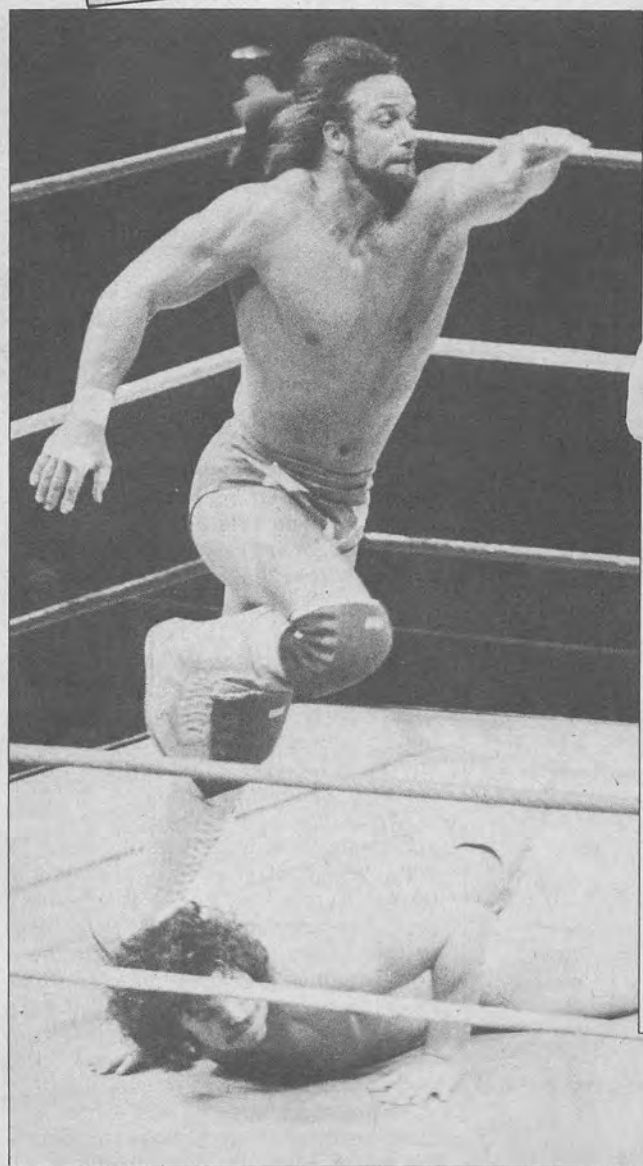
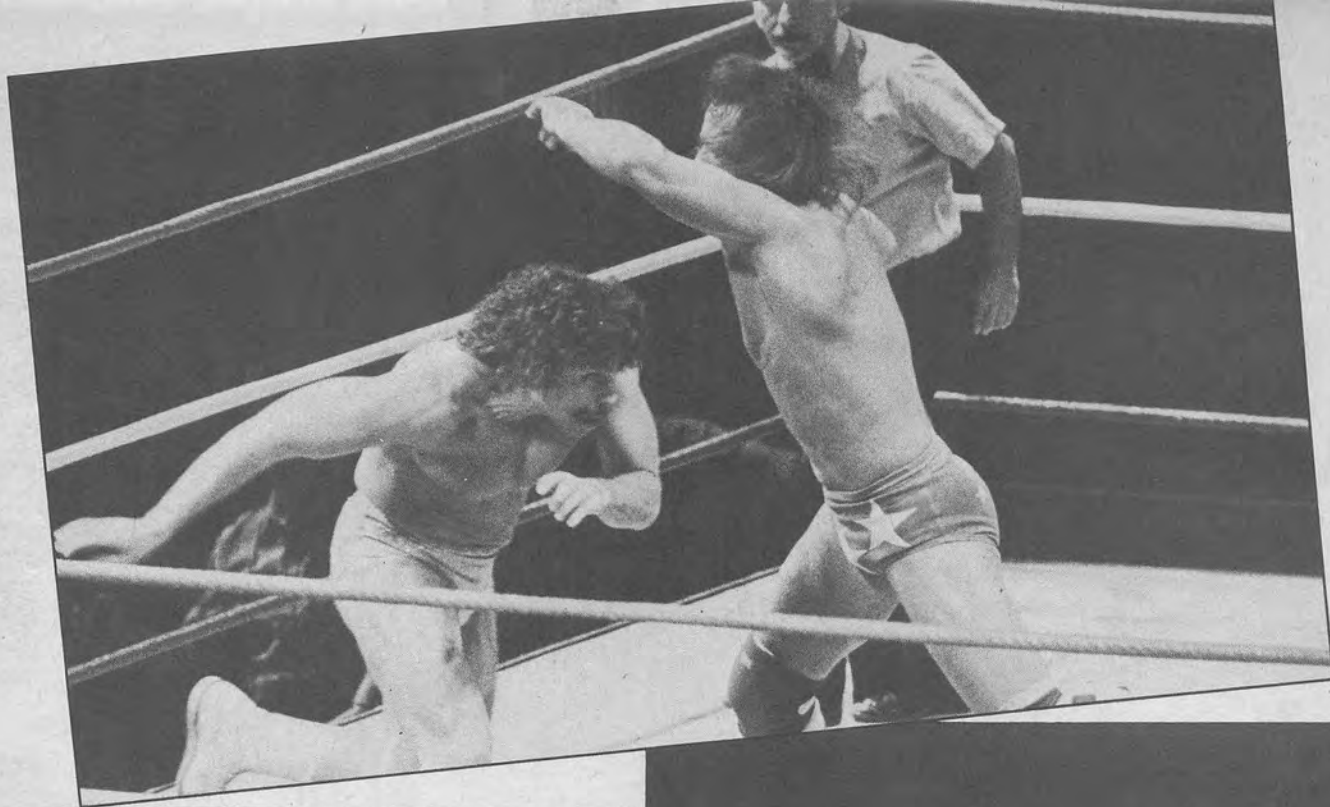
"There's no doubt about it, I would put Leapin' Lanny, if not on the same level, then just a few *small* rungs below, say Rick Martel or even Rick Flair," one of the sport's most knowledgeable insiders said in an exclusive interview. "Oh sure," this insider continues, "he needs a little coaching. But, he's done remarkably well, considering his family background."

Yes, Lanny seems to have genuinely overcome his past. Born on the wrong side of the grappling tracks, he may still emerge as a *true* champ.

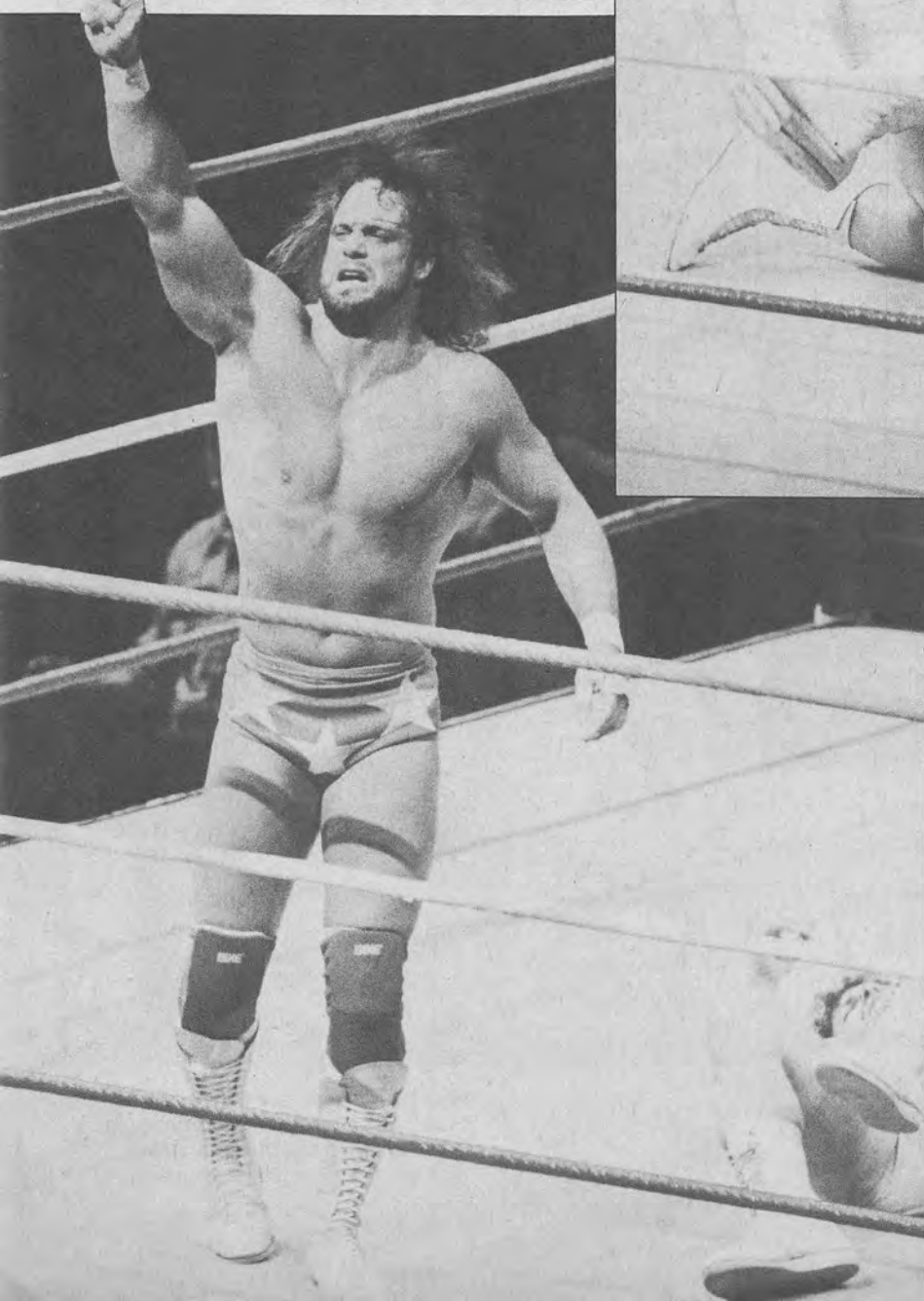
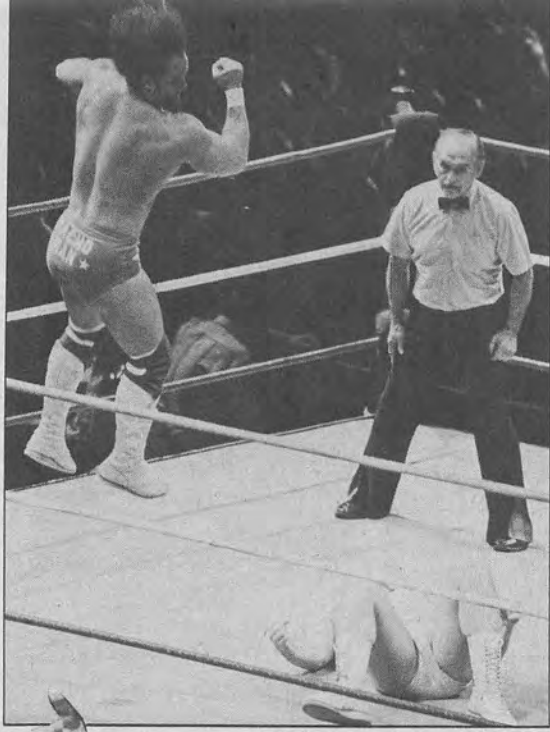
And, while sibling tensions are to be expected, even in the best of families, when two brothers are so entirely different, the tensions run high indeed.

Brother Vs. Brother

Take for instance the match that took place over a year ago deep in the south, close to the brothers'



Savage has not been able to pull his usual tricks against Leapin' Lanny. After all, who should know the "Macho Man" better than his brother?!



The brutality with which Randy Savage attacked his brother surprised even veteran ring observers. What ever happened to brotherly love?!

hometown in Florida. The two met for a friendly little match to be refed by their good and close personal friend, Jerry "The King" Lawler. The match between the two went back and forth for over a half hour in the echoing, deserted arena.

At first the two brothers approached the match warily, but soon, very soon their natural instincts took hold and they began to wrestle seriously, very seriously. At first neither brother managed to gain the upper-hand, Randy, perhaps afraid to resort to his bag of dirty tricks in the presence of "The King," began to look like a loser as Lanny appeared to be the stronger of the two.

As the clock approached three-quarters of an hour, Lawler stopped the match. Hoisting both brothers'

arms into the air, he declared them both "the best." Deep in their heart of hearts, all three must have known that Lanny was indeed emerging as the more skilled grappler.

There have, however, been other matches. They have all been close, but Savage's bag of dirty tricks and other extenuating circumstances have never allowed Lanny to wrestle to his full potential. Although Randy does have several years experience on his brother, Lanny and his hybrid acrobatic style has indeed surpassed Randy's wrestling skill.

But, is skill even the question at this point? McMahon has begun to pit the two brothers against each other. Although the matches had mixed results, there's definitely a motive to everything McMahon does.

One can only wonder, how long it will be before Lanny gets tired of playing second-fiddle to his big brother in the WWF. After all, even a perpetually good guy such as Lanny has his limits. And mat-mavens must ask themselves if perhaps Randy doesn't resent his brother's clean

One can only speculate on how Randy Savage, with his uneven, unpredictable, and downright dirty wrestling style can hope to relieve the beloved Hulk Hogan of his championship belt.

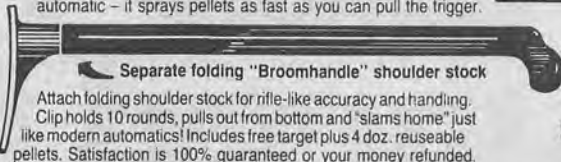
wrestling style and reputation. A reputation gained through hard work, a reputation sport fans respect and true athletes cherish.

Fans and reporters alike think that a feud between Savage and Poffo might be on the horizon. What with the mounting jealousy on both sides; Randy of his brother's ability and reputation, and Lanny of his brother's current "unearned" status. Readers would do well to remember that brother versus brother feuds are not entirely out of the question within the ropes. Take for instance those good ol' southern boys from Georgia, the Oates brothers, or the Martel-Martin sibling rivalry.

And what of Cane and Abel? While Cane brought his brother down for the count with that historic "foreign object," there's a definite feeling around the mat world that neither Lanny nor Randy will prove to be such push-overs. Indeed, both have something that Cane and Abel didn't (besides grandparents), Vince McMahon's wish to see one brother's blood on the hands of the other. ●

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The View From The Midwest:

Inside The Squared Circle

The life-and-death struggle between the WWF and AWA-NWA continues, with the latter providing top-notch wrestling competition and the WWF only promotional gimmicks.

By Tracy Ringolsby

With the increasing national attention pro wrestling has received in the last year, it has become obvious what WWF stands for: The World Wrestling *Fraud!*

Let's get serious, the WWF, once a cornerstone for pro wrestling, has crumbled into nothing more than a gimmick-oriented, quick-buck deal. If

the late Vince McMahon saw what his son has done, he would disown him.

There's nothing wrong with the WWF creating competition on the national level by taking its show on the road Coast to Coast. A healthy rivalry forces all parties to strengthen their product. But the new-look WW Fraud has taken good entertainment and turned it into a freak show. Have you suffered through being exposed to Adrian Adonis lately?

The WW Fraud is not building up a strong fan base for the sport. It is creating a fad. And once the fad fades...just ask the folks who built the extra machines to manufacture cowboy boots in the wake of the Country-Western novelty of the early 1980's, and now don't know what to do with the over-production.

Television cartoon series? Let's get serious. Rock stars at ringside? Give me a break. Rock and roll records? Please. Gimmicks to make a quick buck, not build up the sport.

Gene Okerlund

And then there is Gene Okerlund, who the WW Fraud passes off as a knowledgeable wrestling announcer, acting as if wrestlers who the WW

"Adorable" Adrian Adonis represents one of the more repulsive insults to wrestling regularly featured on WWF cards, while Sgt. Slaughter and Kamala have both quit the WWF for real, top-notch competition elsewhere.





They give the fans a match that gives them a chance to test the strength of their vocal cords. They still give the fans wrestling as their No. 1 product, not promotional gimmicks.

Super Splash '85

What has to rate as the most exciting wrestling match in years was the Super Splash '85 showdown between Rick Martel and Stan "The Lariat" Hansen. Those two went full force from the

As opposed to the WWF, the NWA and AWA feature action. They give the fans a match that gives them a chance to test the strength of their vocal cords.

moment they stepped into the ring, until the bout was eventually brought under control with the two of them having carried their match—a double disqualification—into the visiting dug-out at Comisky Park.

Defectors From WWF

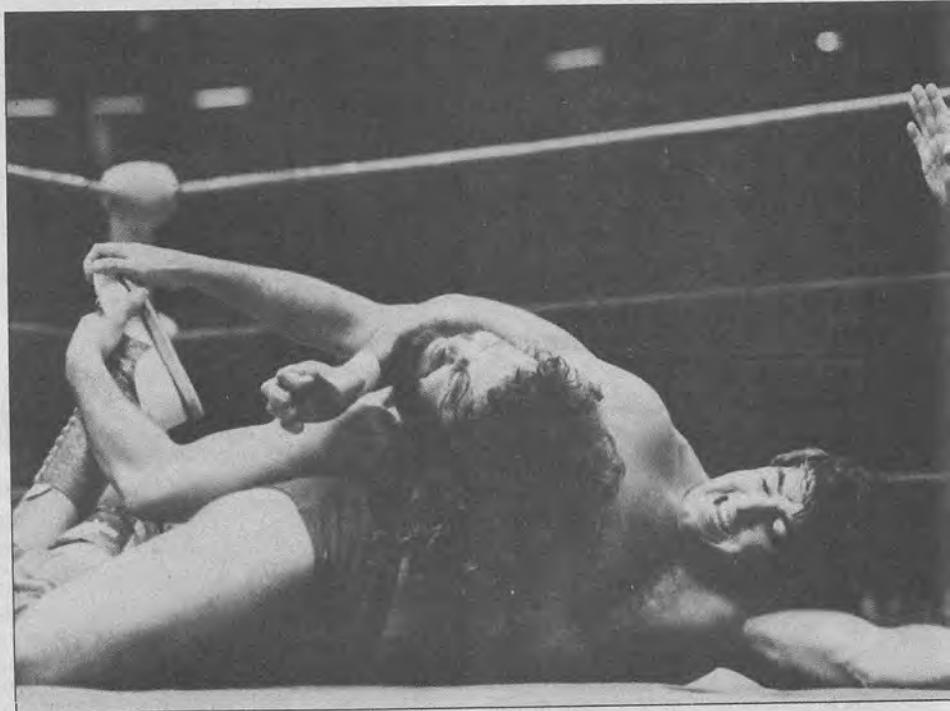
But then the AWA and NWA tries to give fans what they want to see. That's why members of the two associations

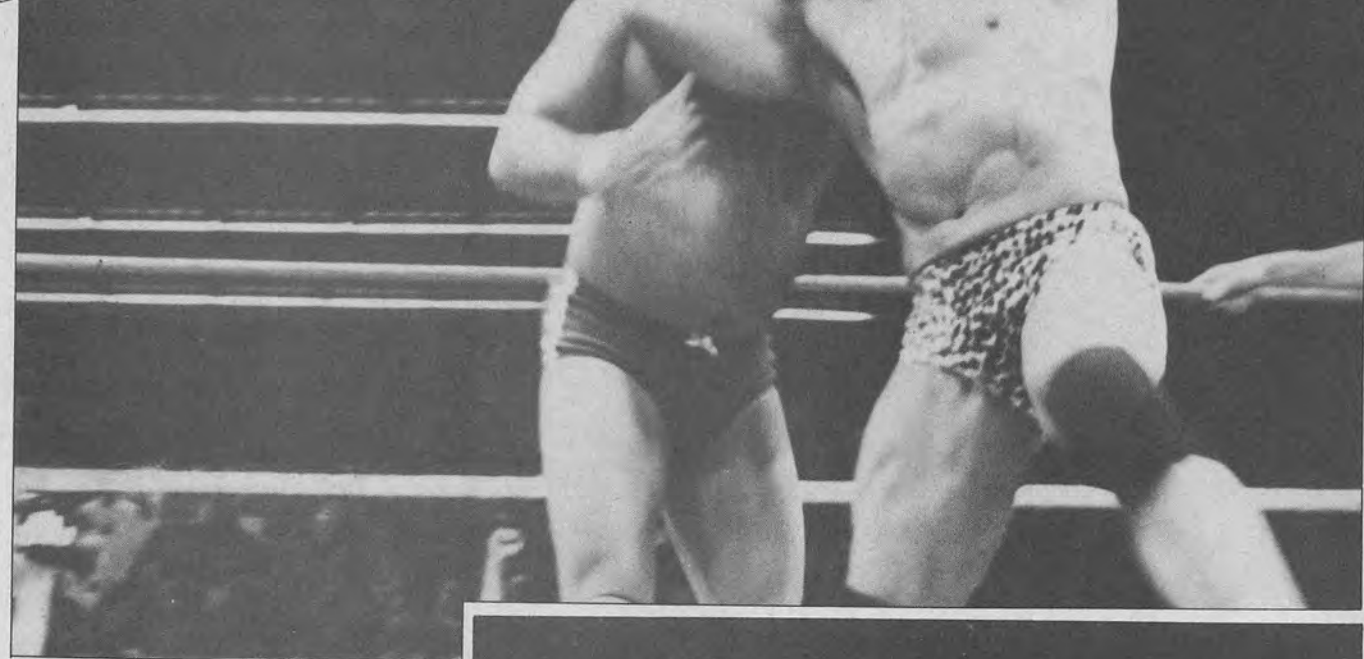
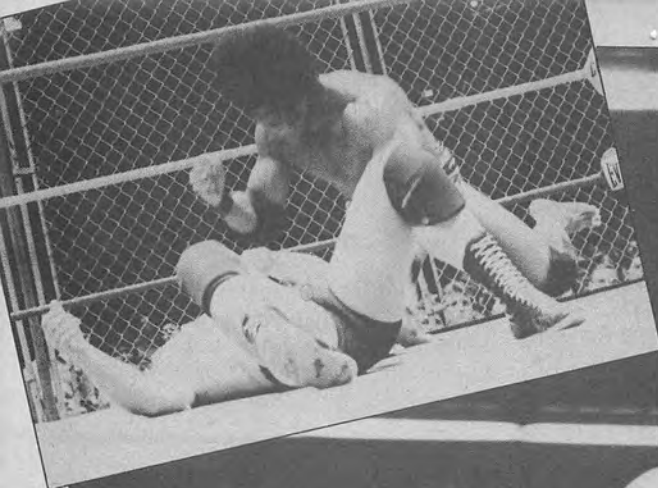
The AWA showdown between Rick Martel and Stan Hansen has to be one of wrestling's true championship competitions.

Fraud dupes into jumping from the NWA or AWA are newcomers to the sport. Does Okerlund really feel wrestling fans buy his garbage? Probably not. Another example of the WW Fraud trying to make itself bigger than the sport.

The sad part of the WW Fraud comes into view when you get the opportunity to sit ringside for a WW Fraud and then take in a NWA or AWA card. Sitting in the crowd for the WW Fraud you have to suffer through the endless waste of time of a Terry Gibbs stumbling around the ring until he loses (the next match Gibbs wins will be his first). The early matches all run for close to a half hour. Then come the headliners. Don't get caught in a concession line or the bathroom. They won't be wrestling when you get back. It's obvious the stars of the WW Fraud aren't paid by the hour. They can't even work up a sweat in the time they are at work in the squared circle.

Meanwhile, the NWA and AWA feature action, even in their main events.





wrestle each other. The WW Fraud meanwhile lives in its ivory tower. McMahon's high-handed tactics with athletes is beginning to show through, too. The defections of quality wrestlers are beginning to mount. Barry Windham was the latest to bid WW Fraud

What ever happened to Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka? One of the greats in pro wrestling, Snuka has disappeared from the WWF, which claims he is "on vacation."

adieu. Other defectors to associations where the sport, not the promoter's pocketbook, remains No. 1 include Sergeant Slaughter, Kamala the Ugandan Giant and the Missing Link.

And what has happened to Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka? One of the greats in

Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka has left the WWF and look for the The Junkyard Dog to follow suit in the near future.



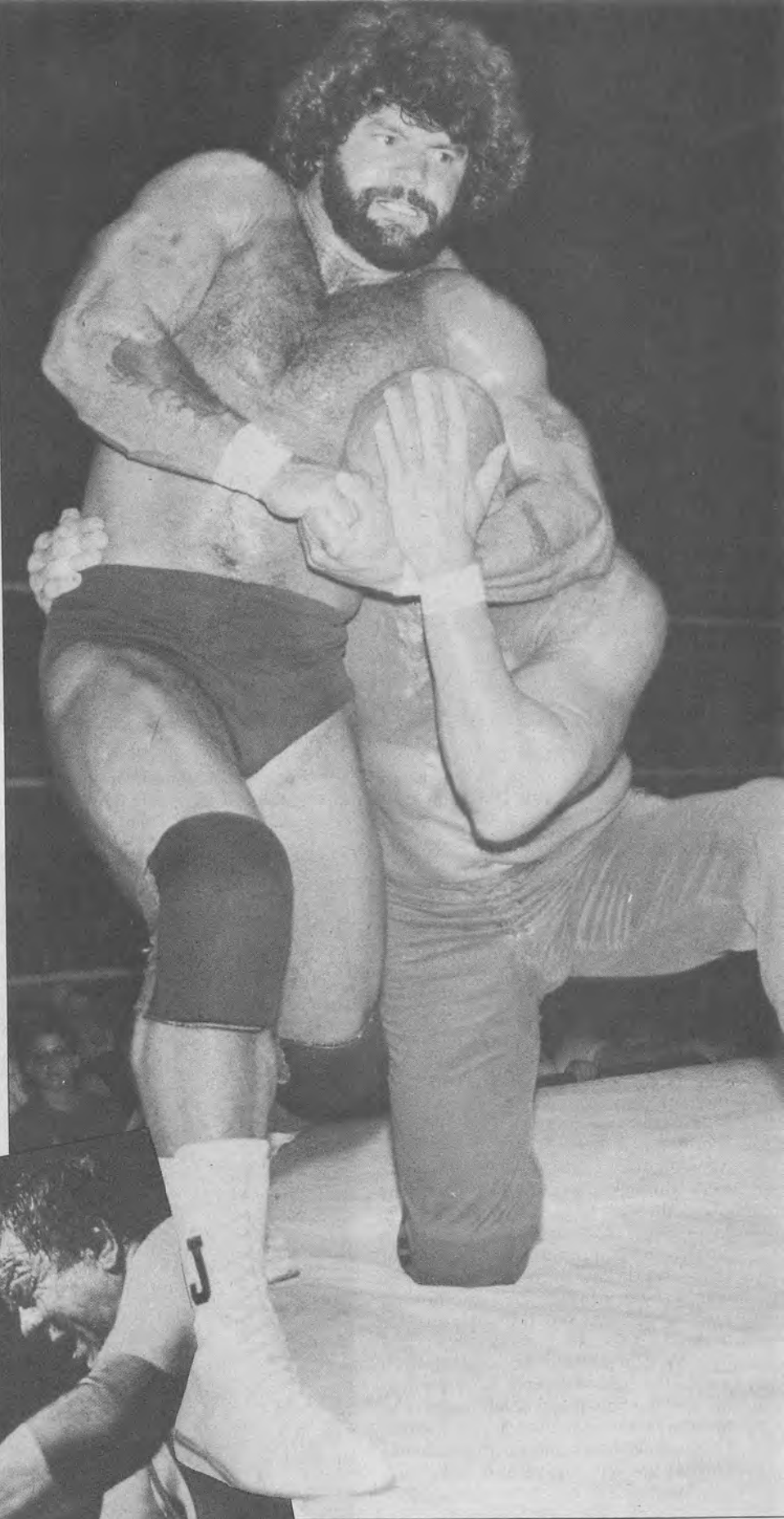
pro wrestling, Snuka has disappeared from WW Fraud cards. The WW Fraud office claims "he's on vacation." But nobody will say how long of a "vacation" Snuka is taking. And they claim no knowledge of the fact that Snuka is wrestling in Hawaii, where he is hoping to claim the Polynesian Pacific Championship. Word also is out that Junkyard Dog wants to junk the WW Fraud, but so far hasn't been embraced by another organization. Windham's main drive to return to the Florida Championship Wrestling primarily dealt with the family's developing feud with Kevin Sullivan and his group. He is teaming with brother Kendell under the direction of their father, Black Jack Mulligan, as a tag team that bears watching.

Wahoo & Billy Jack

Wahoo McDaniel and Billy Jack Haynes have been relieved of their U.S. Tag Team title. They were unable to defend the crown within the 30-day period required by the NWA because of scheduling conflicts. A tournament will be staged, beginning in February, to fill the vacant title spot. McDaniel and Haynes will be among the favorites to regain the belt, but it won't be a walk.

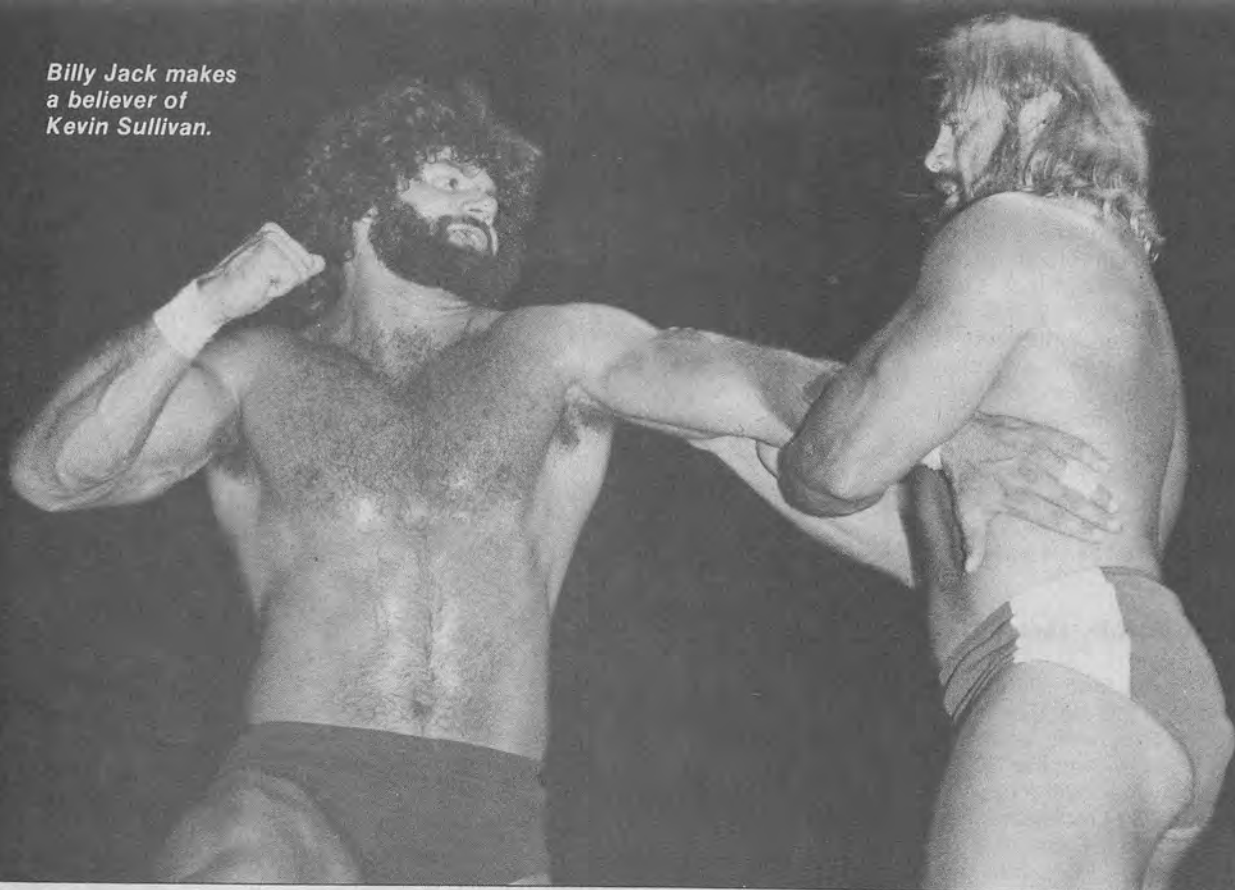
Wahoo McDaniel and Billy Jack Haynes have been relieved of their U.S. Tag Team title. They were unable to defend the crown within the 30-day required period.

The Windhams will be strong challengers—ask Mike Rotundo who teamed with Windham to win the WW Fraud tag-team title, but is now just another wrestler without Windham to carry the load. So will be the team of



Billy Jack Haynes and Wahoo McDaniel are proving to be a popular and effective tag team in NWA competition.

**Billy Jack makes
a believer of
Kevin Sullivan.**



Sullivan and Bob Roop, or Maya Singh as Roop has become known since Sullivan allegedly put Roop under a satanic spell.

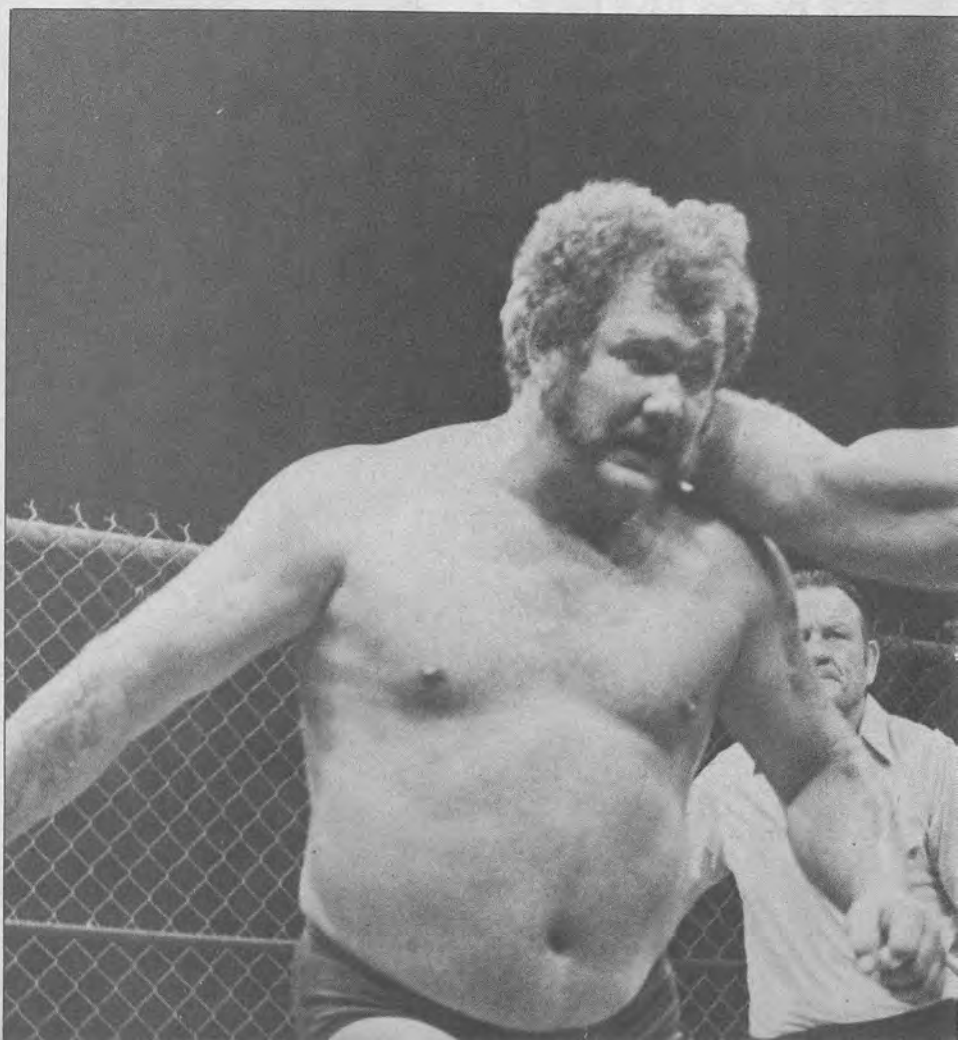
Another Von Erich has surfaced in the World Class domain: cousin Lance. He went by the name Ricky Vaughn but after winning the Pacific Northwest

Tournament moved to Texas and admitted he really was a Von Erich, an identity he said he withheld because he wanted to establish himself first for his

Von Erich Saga

The dark cloud continues to hang over the head of the Von Erich family, wrestling's First Family. Youngest brother Mike successfully waged the battle against toxic shock syndrome, which resulted from surgery to his left shoulder. He was on the comeback trail. Doctors said he suffered no brain damage, and while his weight had fallen to 145 pounds, there is talk about a comeback. The comeback has been delayed once again. Mike was involved in a winter car wreck. And while it is generally considered a wise move to have your seat belt fastened, Von Erich's life apparently was saved because he did not have his belt on. He was thrown from the car, landing in a field where he laid unconscious for several hours but did not suffer any broken bones. Had he been bound inside the car, observers say he probably would have been killed. What next for this family that already has lost two sons: Jack, electrocuted in his backyard at the age of five and David two years ago in Japan at the age of 22?

The hottest rumor in the NWA: is it true Harley Race will make another comeback and challenge Ric Flair once again for the championship belt?



own ability without anybody thinking his ancestry helped him make his mark in the sport.

Harley Race

If Bruno Sammartino is the Living Legend, what does that make Harley Race? Race is one of the true greats in wrestling. He's the only seven-time holder of a world championship.

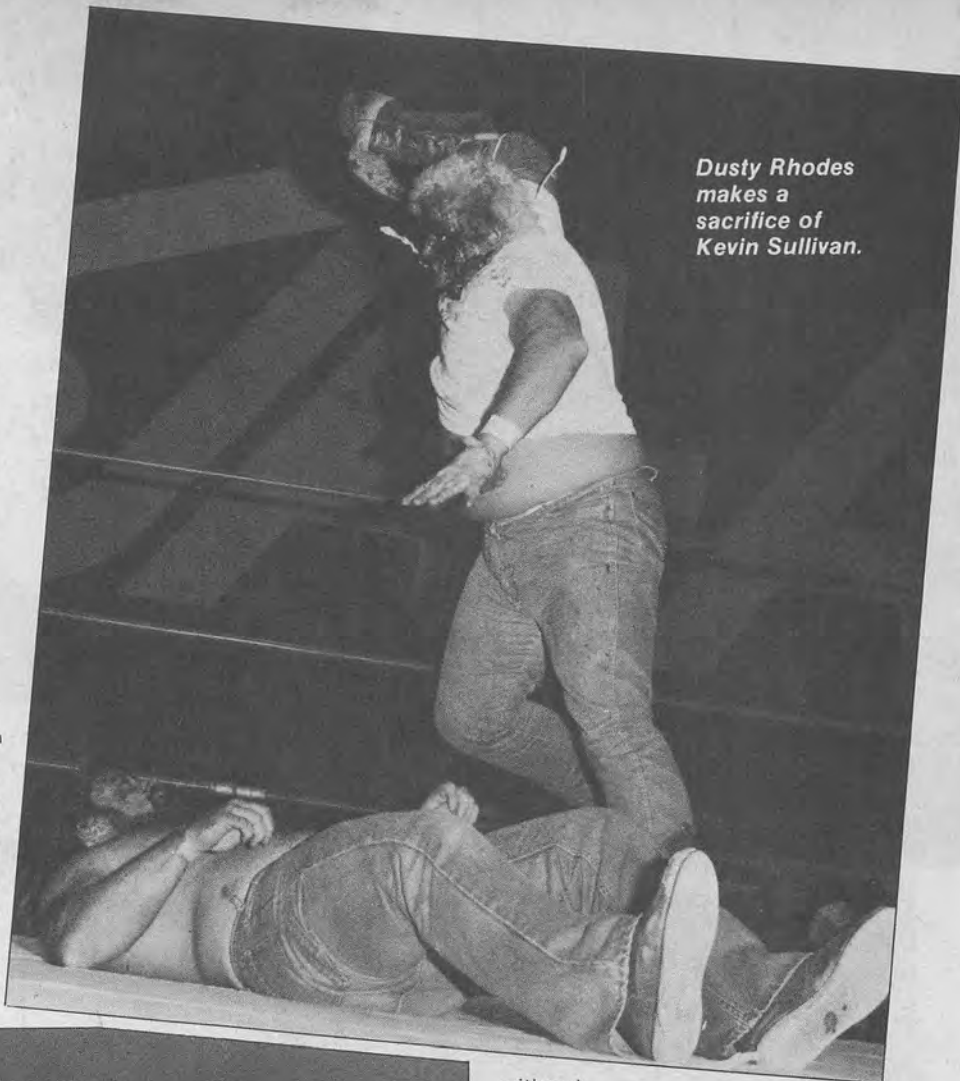
Ric Flair's stock dropped with his antics at the Omni when he jumped off the top rope onto the ankle of Dusty

Ric Flair's stock dropped with his antics at the Omni when he jumped off the top rope onto the ankle of Dusty Rhodes, who was being held down by the Anderson Brothers.

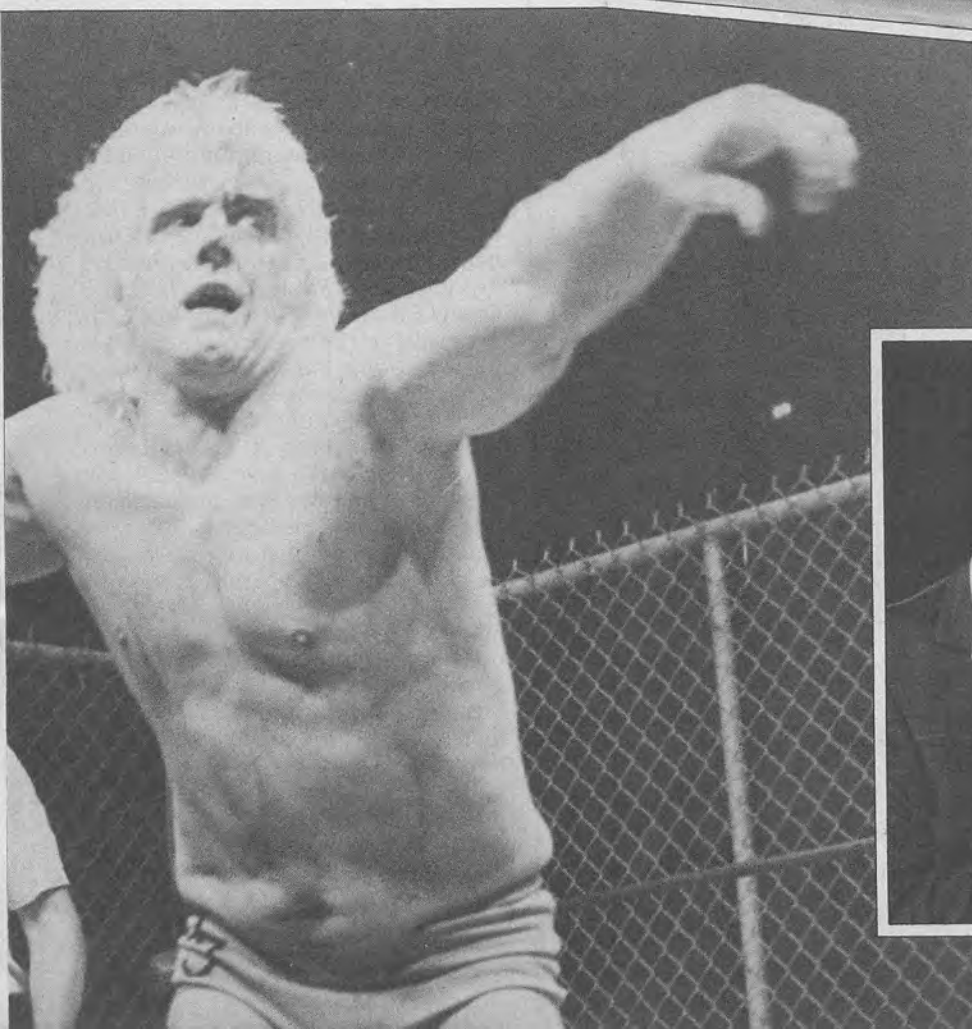
Rhodes, who was being held down by the Anderson brothers. And all of that after Rhodes had stormed into the ring to save Flair from a three-man assault by Nikita Koloff, his uncle Ivan and Krusher Krushev. A fine thank you from Flair to Rhodes.

Dream match: Hansen and Bruiser Brody, two men who come to wrestle

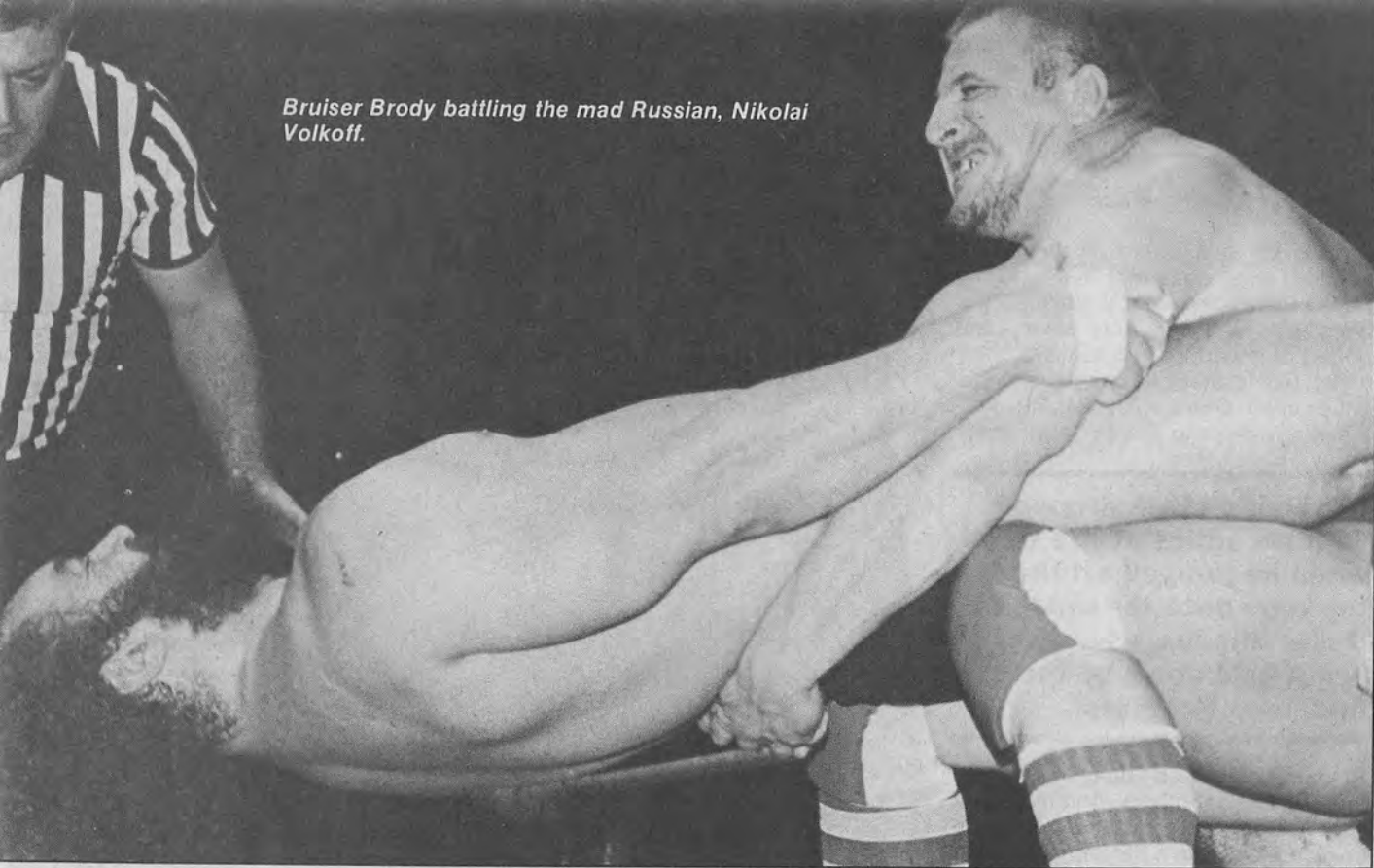
Dusty Rhodes makes a sacrifice of Kevin Sullivan.



without concern for anything but winning. Watching the men in their bouts it is obvious they train together. They don't hold back. They have no concern about being good guys or bad guys. They just want to be winners. "I know only one category," Brody said, "and that is opponent. I don't believe in gimmicks or managers, even titles. I do



Bruiser Brody battling the mad Russian, Nikolai Volkoff.



this for money and pleasure." Brody is a pleasure for fans with his non-stop, all-action approach to the sport.

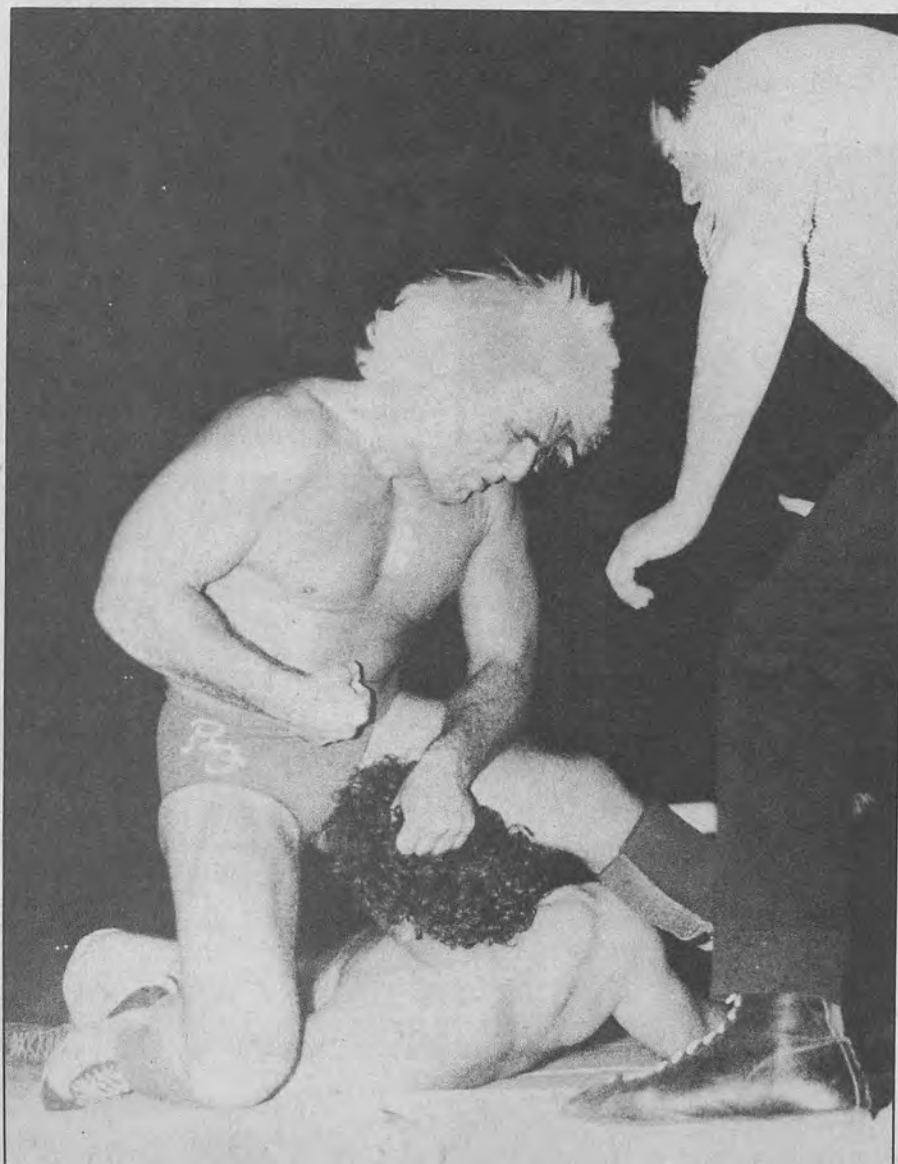
Top 10?

Here is this corner's rankings of the 10 best pro-wrestlers. The rankings are based on the athlete's ability to wrestle, and his willingness to put a full effort into his bouts.

1. Bruiser Brody. 2. Stan "The Lariat" Hansen. 3. Randy Savage and Elizabeth. 4. Ric Flair. 5. Kerry Von Erich. 6. Terrible Terry Funk. 7. Lex Luger. 8. Dusty Rhodes. 10. Rick Rude. How long will it be before Funk and Savage get fed up with the WW Fraud shenanigans and go somewhere where their abilities will be appreciated?

Luger, the latest in a long line of former NFL players (five years with Green Bay and two with the Jacksonville Bulls), is a rising star. The 240-pounder with 30-inch thighs who can dead lift over 800 pounds, is the new Southern Heavyweight Champion. Florida Championship Wrestling also boasts a rising star on the women's circuit. Lady Maxine, who checks in at 6-foot-4 and 175 pounds, is a dynamic individual ready to join the NWA list of upcoming stars.

The Central States stable is building up. As well as occasional visits by Brody, Bret Sawyer, a long-time favorite in the Atlanta area, and Hacksaw Higgins, a 295-pounder just back from Japan, are regulars. ●



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About the Author

He is a well-respected sophisticated writer whose name has appeared in such prestigious publications as National Enquirer, Globe/Examiner, Star, Cosmopolitan, VFW, True Story. This list includes well over 50 magazines and newspapers. He has written a wide range of self-help, how-to books. In the past 7 years he has written no less than 7 books on subjects relating to health, beauty, self-improvement, education and psychology – all of which have been published nationally and well-received by readers of all ages, in all walks of life.

Learn how to get her to obey you eagerly

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Become A Pro Wrestler



**"Mr. Universe"
Ken Passariello**



**Georgianna Passariello,
owner/operator of the country's
finest pro wrestling training camp.**

By Mighty Mike Kimmel

At the Passariello Quest athletic training facility in suburban Orange, Connecticut, prospective professional wrestlers receive the very finest ring training available anywhere in the United States. Regardless of the newcomer's prior athletic training and competitive background, seasoned experts will wholeheartedly recommend enrollment in the rigorous, highly structured, professional wrestling training program offered at the Quest to guarantee proper training and supervision of the athlete and ensure his long term physical safety, as well.

Any veteran wrestler can testify that the road to success inside the

If you have serious wrestling ambitions, you owe it to yourself to pay a visit to the QUEST WRESTLING & BODY-BUILDING FACILITY. Well equipped and staffed by trainers with years of experience, Quest ranks with America's best.

squared circle is tortuously long, laden with myriad obstacles, and wrought with incessant hardships. Rookie wrestlers, striving to gain experience and media exposure, are often forced to compete against men of superior ability and, in some cases, are even cheated out of their nightly earnings by manipulative promoters. Thus, young wrestlers who have not been properly schooled in both the *science* and *business* of professional wrestling may quickly find themselves seriously injured or disillusioned, and decide to leave the sport after only the very briefest of careers.

Georgianna Passariello, sole owner and operator of the Quest Gym, designed her successful pro wrestling training program three short years ago specifically to address these problems. A brilliant businesswoman with experience in many different fields, Georgianna predicted the recent explosion of interest in pro wrestling and realized, as well, that the current boom would actually increase the need for high quality training among the sport's rookie contingent. With this ambitious goal in mind, she set out to inaugurate a program which would provide top flight physical conditioning, regular, supervised interaction with world class competitors, and a crash course in the behind-the-scenes business intricacies of the world's most grueling profession.

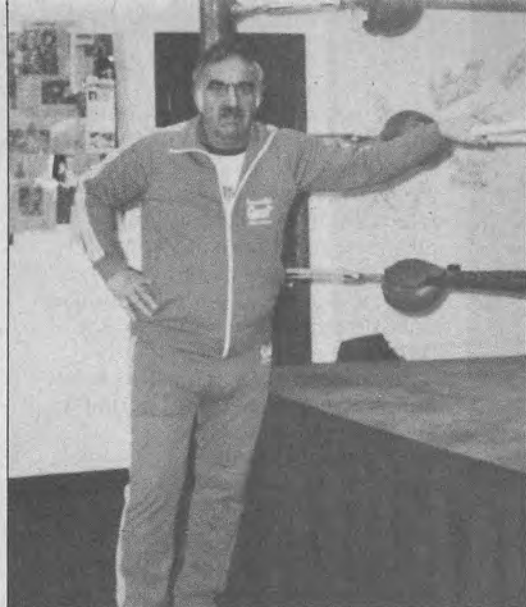
Georgianna's heartfelt concern for the thorough training and all-around welfare of up and coming wrestlers goes far beyond the professional

level, however. Indeed, from the very outset, she has had a *vested personal interest* in developing the finest wrestling program possible, as her very own husband, former Mr. Universe Ken Passariello, had long expressed an interest in making the difficult crossover from pro bodybuilding to pro wrestling.

Well-Equipped Gym

Having accompanied her Herculean husband all over the world for professional bodybuilding competitions, Georgianna had become well acquainted with all manners of gymnasium design and maintenance. She drew upon her vast knowledge to put together one of the most comfortable, best equipped, and mechanically efficient weight training facilities possible. Combining the broadest array of free weight apparatus with the very latest designs in sophisticated weight training machines, the Quest Gym provides everything necessary to build muscular size, strength, and endurance in young athletes.

Furthermore, the Gym's lively decor and upbeat atmosphere provides a striking contrast both to the dreary, dungeon-like environment of pure powerlifting centers, and the "glitter and chrome" of aerobic type reducing spas, as well. Thus, the Passariello Quest Gym facility is equally appealing to both women and men alike, and places its greatest emphasis upon the ultimate physical improvement of the individual athlete *without regard to gender*. Along the



Tony Altomare, head wrestling instructor, at Quest, and earlier, with Lou Albano (right), when the two teamed together as "The Sicilians" for more than a full decade, and captured the coveted United States Tag Team Championship.

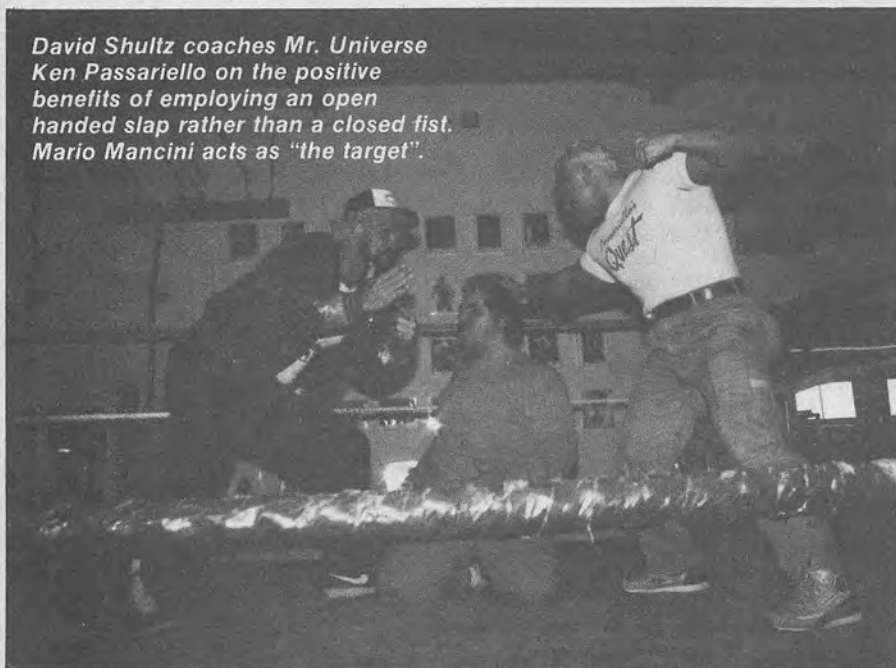
difficult, but worthwhile, road to physical improvement, Ken Passariello's easy accessibility, constant encouragement, and priceless training knowledge contribute immeasurably to the conditioning experience available at the Quest, and his expert guidance has proven invaluable in developing the health, strength, and muscular size of a veritable legion of pro wrestling newcomers.

Expertise Of Tony Altomare

There have been many men of



David Shultz coaches Mr. Universe Ken Passariello on the positive benefits of employing an open handed slap rather than a closed fist. Mario Mancini acts as "the target".



rugged physique and bountiful strength, however, who have proven alarmingly unable to make their mark in professional wrestling over the years. Georgianna's research has

In the extremely rigorous and demanding sport of professional wrestling, there is no substitute for conditioning, experience, and cold, hard, factual knowledge.

demonstrated that inexperience has been the greatest stumbling block confronting newcomers and, so, hired the cagey veteran wrestler and trainer Tony Altomare as head wrestling instructor at the Quest. Tony's overwhelming success in both amateur and professional



350-pound Crusher Larry Finnegan puts the squeeze on Mario Mancini.

competition has given him a lifetime of valuable ring experience to distribute among his eager students. A former national amateur champ, Tony has also captured many professional championships during his long and impressive career, including and highly prestigious United States Tag Team Title, which he and partner Lou Albano seized from the legendary duo of Mark Lewin and Don Curtis. Precious little escapes Altomare's hawklike gaze, as he spends countless hours in the

Top grappling stars such as Hulk Hogan, Greg Valentine, Brutus Beefcake, Lou Albano, "Dr. D" David Schultz, Ivan Putski and more have visited the Quest facilities and have signed their names to the wall.



Dr. D. demonstrates his opinion of WWF Champ Hulk Hogan at the "sign-in" wall.

Gym with his pupils, supervising their progress, analyzing weaknesses, and meticulously demonstrating countless concrete strategies to ensure a greater degree of eventual success and long term safety inside the ring.

Regular classes are held three times weekly—on Wednesday evenings, Saturday mornings, and Sunday mornings. Moreover, matriculated wrestling students are free to put in extra practice hours inside the ring at their own convenience, as the wrestling area is set up in an isolated corner of the spacious Quest Gym and made readily available at all times. A high degree of dedication is evident amongst the students, who are not deterred from attending classes by trifling matters such as pulled muscles and blizzards. Recent wrestling school graduate Mario Mancini, who had his nose broken in four places (by "Dr. D" David Schultz) in his second pro outing, demonstrated his determination and intestinal fortitude quite admirably by returning to active practice sessions several short days afterwards—bandaged face and all.

In addition, a whole host of top calibre, established name wrestling stars visit the Passariello Quest regularly. The Gym's proximity to the WWF's Connecticut headquarters makes frequent visits feasible. Top grappling stars such as Hulk Hogan, Greg Valentine, Brutus Beefcake, Lou Albano, "Dr. D" David Shultz, Ivan Putski, the Samoans, Rocky Johnson, and Fred Blassie have all visited the facilities and have even signed their names to the wall.

Talent Hunt

Rocky Johnson and David Shultz will actually step into the ring to work out with Quest students on occasion, providing young hopefuls with the rare and unique opportunity to test their mettle against the best in the business. Altomare is fully in favor of these impromptu sparring

sessions, as they will frequently give the youngsters an instant awakening as to the level of skill which they themselves must strive to someday attain. Interestingly enough, promoters and booking agents affiliated with the American Wrestling League, Spartan Sports Promotions, DMG Productions, and Can Am Wrestling also make frequent appearances at the Quest to scout out new talent for their upcoming arena engagements.

Through all the activity taking place at the Passariello Quest, novices become trained in precisely what they may come to expect behind the locker room doors as professionals. In addition, Georgianna takes the time to counsel students on business and financial matters, and enlighten them as to what they may expect to actually earn in the ring, so that they may better defend themselves against possible exploitation upon finally turning pro. In short, the Passariello Quest indirectly teaches its wrestling students how to deal with promoters, bookers, and fellow wrestlers, so that they will encounter few, if any, unexpected surprises awaiting them when they enter "the real world".

In the extremely rigorous and demanding sport of professional wrestling, there is no substitute for conditioning, experience, and cold, hard, factual knowledge. All these things are available in generous abundance at the Passariello Quest. The school has turned out many promising stars of tomorrow like Dave Barbie, Mr. Universe Ken Passariello (The Prince of Pain), A.J. Petruzzki, Mario Mancini, T.T. Crunchki (The Polish Prince), Sal G., John Rizzo, Jerry Adams, Samson the Greek, 350 pound Crusher Larry Finnegan, John Jackson (the Jersey Devil), and J.T. Souther. In addition, the world's strongest man, Ted Arcidi, and the sport's first female referee, Rita Marie, were fully trained at the Passariello Quest, and have since taken positions of prominence in the World Wrestling Federation.

Canadian champ Liz Chase assists in training the school's female students and has helped prepare Jean Kirkland of the WWF and Lisa Sliwa of the Guardian Angels. The school is located at 518 Boston Post Road in Orange, Connecticut (zip code 06477), and their telephone number is 203-795-1001. Interested male and female students can call or visit the school anytime to discuss tuition rates and schedule a free weekend trial in the ring before making any long term decisions or commitments. There is, of course, no obligation.

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transform routine sexual acts into thrilling adventures in sensual response and gratification.

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- Climax in man compared to climax in woman.
- How masturbation affects a man or woman's sexual performance and gratification in marriage.
- How to correct male's premature climax to prolong sex act.
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- The desire for sexual intercourse during and after the female menopause.
- How often can a couple have sexual intercourse—can too much sex be harmful to either a man or a woman.
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Pedro Morales:

Portrait Of A Professional



Since the classic 1972 match with Bruno Sammartino, Pedro Morales held the unofficial title of "Most Scientific Wrestler" which he maintains to this day, turning back the likes of rule-breaking Barry O.

It was Bruno, the long-time titleholder who had a steel-trap hold on the WWWF championship for nine gruelling years, and was now on the comeback trail, versus Pedro, already proving at the time to be a worthy successor as king of world wrestling in his second year as champ.

Good Vs. Evil

Pro wrestling, for ages, has appealed to the masses in its simplicity: the battle of good versus evil. Yet, this vintage clash matched a pair of clean-breaking stars in a struggle for world supremacy. It was an unusual pairing by the standards of wrestling promoters, to be sure, but the late, great Vince McMahon, Sr. realized that it was one that ring aficionados had been yearning for throughout the first 18 months of the Morales regime.

The scenario leading up to the "Match of the Century" saw Bruno and Pedro in a televised tag-team match against the notorious Japanese duo of Professor Toru Tanaka and Mr. Fuji, a well-honed martial arts machine at the time in its prime.

Tag-Team Experience

Morales and Sammartino had the upper hand on the villainous Oriental tandem, but a well-aimed handful of ceremonial salt found Morales' eyes, blinding the champ, and had Pedro swinging wildly at Sammartino, of all people, in mid-ring until the two could be separated by a horde of fellow-wrestlers who jumped into the ring to prevent further histrionics.

The incident cooled the long and amicable relationship of Pedro and Bruno, and now Morales found himself defending the cherished, gold-crusted WWWF belt against the man he once idolized, Sammartino. As a novice, Morales had been a great admirer of Bruno, and when Sammartino lost the belt to Russian strongman Ivan Koloff on January 18, 1971, Morales vowed to gain revenge. Less than one month later, on February 8, his prophecy was fulfilled on the same Madison Square Garden mat, when he pinned Koloff's shoulders squarely to capture the belt from the "Russian Bear"

Youth Vs. Experience

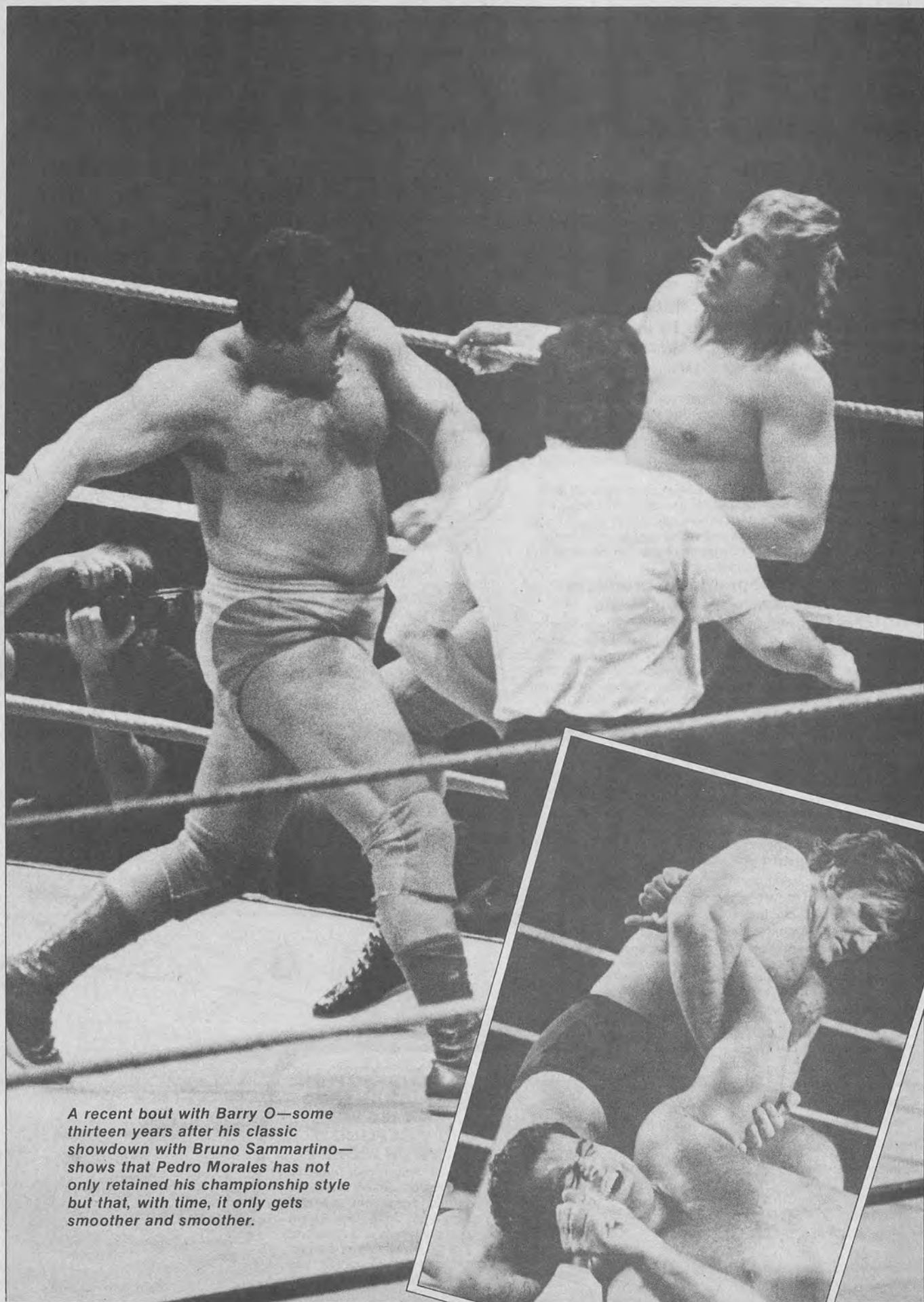
So, who would the winner be? Sammartino? Wrestling's "Living Legend," who took the title way back in 1963 in 68 back-breaking seconds from the great Buddy Rogers in the old Garden, had defended the title more times than any other champion. Defeating the likes of the Sheik, Gorilla Monsoon, Fritz von Erich, Fred Blassie and Killer Kowalski during a memorable reign the world over, strength and experience were Sammartino's forte.

Or would it be the youth, speed and agility of Morales, the lad from Culebra, Puerto Rico, who had already turned back such difficult foes as George (The Animal) Steele, Ernie Ladd, Luke Graham and The Spoiler, not to mention the evil Koloff.

The outdoor match, the first-ever at Shea Stadium, was to be held "rain or shine," and 22,508 were in attendance, but there's no telling how many more would have come out were it not for morning rains and a

All-Time Attendance

The some 20,000 hardy wrestling enthusiasts in attendance at blustery Shea on that evening got exactly what had been promised in the pre-match hoopla: a ring masterpiece which would remain forever etched in wrestling annals as an epic struggle.



A recent bout with Barry O—some thirteen years after his classic showdown with Bruno Sammartino—shows that Pedro Morales has not only retained his championship style but that, with time, it only gets smoother and smoother.

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Totally frustrated by Morales' superior technique, Barry O could only throw the referee to the floor.

each was able to muster that little bit more to avoid the three-count which would have ended the contest.

The "Match of the Century" had everything and more. Once, George "The Animal" Steele, hated archrival

Morales had been a great admirer of Sammartino and when the "Living Legend" lost the belt to the evil Russian Ivan Koloff, Morales took it back out of revenge.

of both Morales and Sammartino, clawed his way into the ring, flipping a uniformed policeman to get there. At another juncture of the bout, referee Kroll was flipped out of the ring onto the Shea turf, but regained

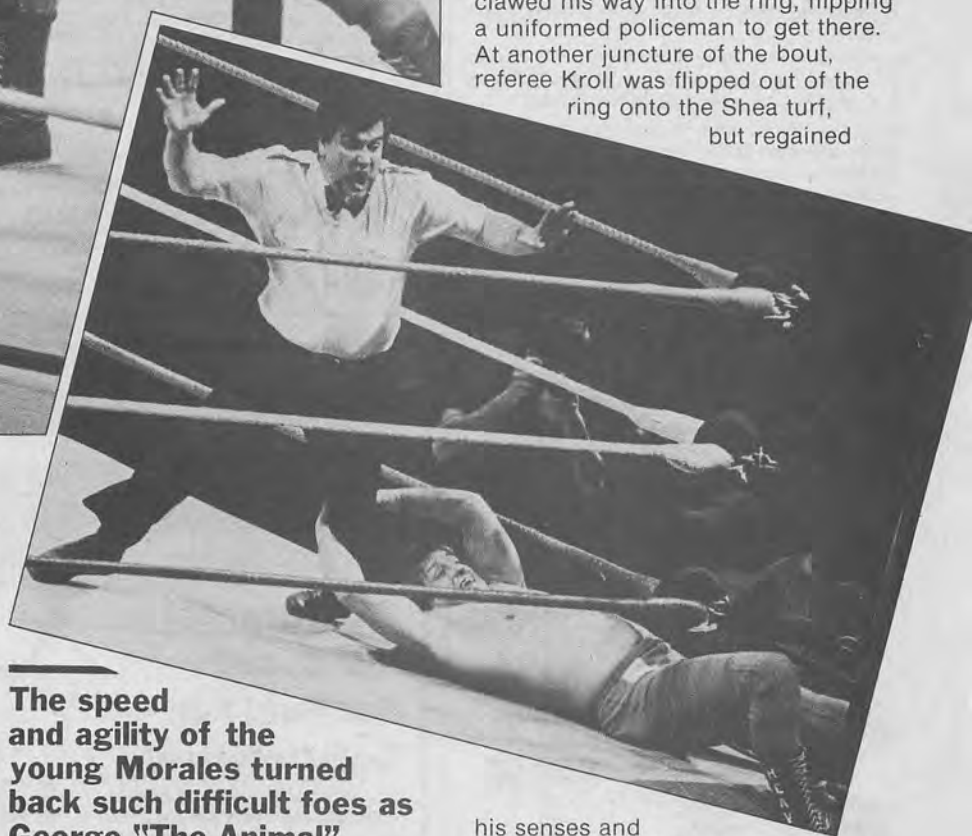
cold-snap that dipped the temperatures down to 35 degrees at match-time, and probably lower when the two participants strode to the ring at 9:30 PM.

Did Sammartino really have anything to prove? He had literally done it all as champ. But memories are sometimes short. "I had to take this match to prove I was worthy champion, even though I don't want the pressure again," he said.

After a brief inspection by referee Dick Kroll, Sammartino and Morales were finally at it, matching hold for hold in what was to be the longest match in the history of New York State.

Most Scientific

The extraordinary pair exchanged a multitude of holds and counterholds, each gaining the upper hand only to have his opponent turn the tables once again during a non-stop match one old-timer summed-up perfectly as the "cleanest, most scientific match I've ever seen."



The speed and agility of the young Morales turned back such difficult foes as George "The Animal" Steele, The Spoiler and, of course, Ivan Koloff.

The past and present collided in a grueling contest. Several times Morales appeared to be on the verge of collapse from Sammartino's famed back-breaker. But, showing the stuff that only the great ones have, he dug down deep for that extra strength to break out of the hold.

On several other occasions, both Morales and Bruno laid dazed on the canvas, barely able to move. Again,

his senses and was able to continue.

Suddenly, the timekeeper's bell rang, and the match was over. The state imposed curfew had halted the bout at 11:00 PM after an incredible 75 heart-pumping minutes.

The crowd boomed at first, because no definite winner would be declared. But when the two giant adversaries embraced in center ring, waved the American flags, and Sammartino helped buckle the WWWF belt around Morales' waist, everyone in attendance knew that all were winners for Bruno vs. Pedro was truly the "Match of the Century."

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